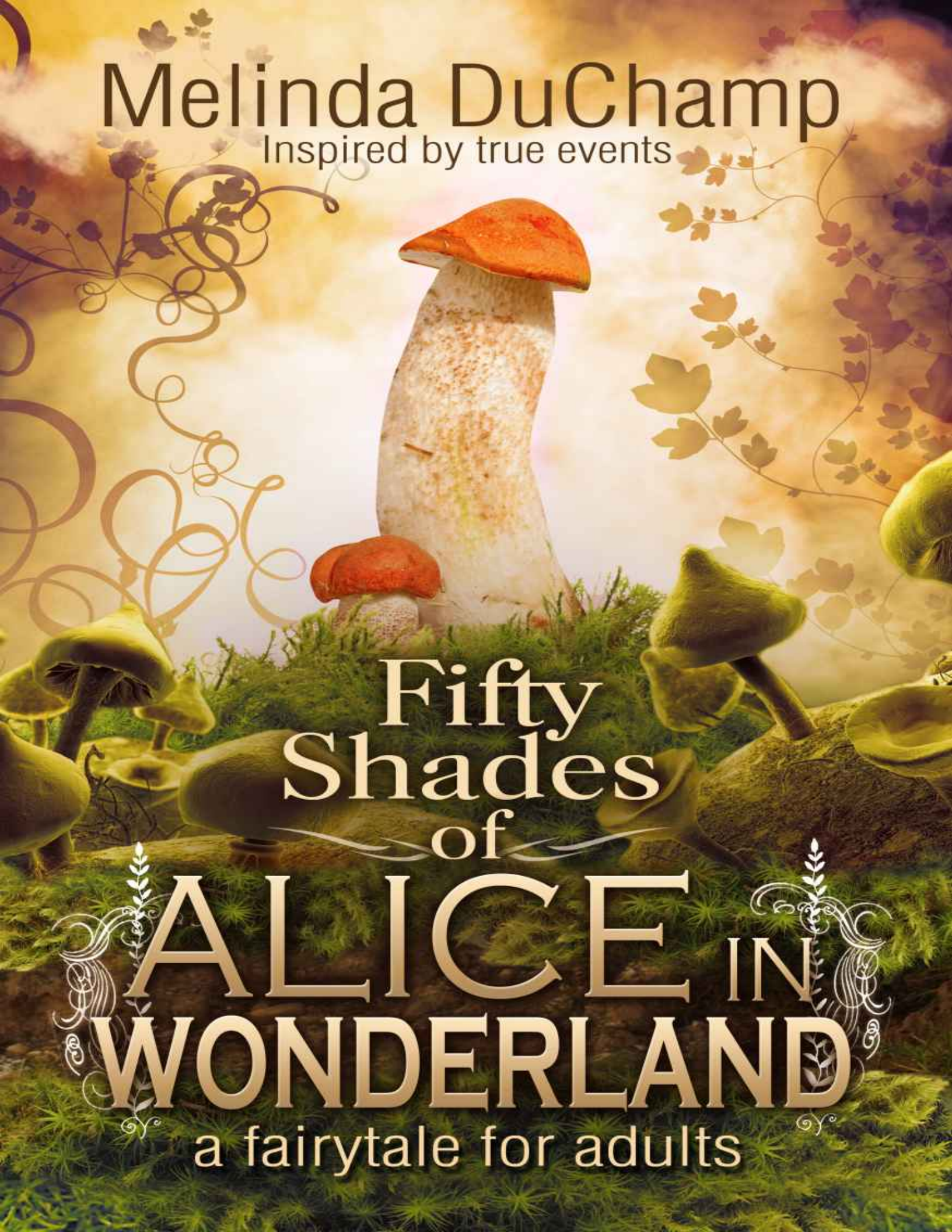




Melinda DuChamp

Inspired by true events

Fifty
Shades
of

ALICE IN
WONDERLAND

a fairytale for adults

FIFTY SHADES
of
ALICE in
WONDERLAND

by
Melinda DuChamp

BEYOND 50 SHADES OF GRAY...

Eighteen-year-old Alice is unhappy. Her boyfriend is nice and polite, but he's also quick and careless in bed, and doesn't give Alice the attention and variety she craves. But he's not entirely to blame, because Alice herself doesn't understand her own needs. She's heard about what sex is supposed to be like, but has never felt anything remotely close to what she's read about in runaway bestselling books.

BEYOND 9 1/2 WEEKS...

Then Alice follows a vibrating white rabbit down a deep, dark hole, which leads to a place beyond her wildest imagination. There are no nice boys, or girls, down here. Only those who indulge in secret, forbidden, kinky fantasies.

BEYOND PRIDE AND PREJUDICE AND ZOMBIES...

Alice is confused and frightened and... aroused. She is bound. Teased. Spanked. Toyed. Brought to the limits of sexual endurance. And during her trials, she begins to understand her body's needs for the very first time.

BEYOND THUNDERDOME...

This isn't the fairy tale you grew up reading. This isn't for children at all.

This is for those with dark desires, who wish to explore erotic excess beyond the plain vanilla of everyday life. Follow Alice down the rabbit hole, if you dare...

Author Note

This is a humorous, erotic parody of *Alice in Wonderland* by Lewis Carroll, and contains adult situations which are not for children. It is meant to follow the structure of Carroll's novel, and features a grown-up Alice and her grown-up adventures in a sexual Wonderland. The first chapter sets up the story, introducing Alice and detailing how she began her quest. But if you want to get right to the good parts, [click here](#).

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Chapter 1

Down the Rabbit Hole

Alice put the plate back into the picnic basket and then stared at Lewis, who was wiping a bit of lemon meringue from the corner of his mouth with his sleeve. He noticed her staring and grinned. Alice forced a smile back.

She loved Lewis. And although she was only eighteen-years-old Alice believed she would marry him someday. But now that the picnic had ended, she knew what was coming next. And Alice dreaded it.

Lewis moved closer to her, wrapping an arm around her shoulders and snugging her tight. “The pie was lovely, Alice.”

“Thank you.”

“You’re lovely, too.”

He moved in to kiss her, which Alice gladly accepted. Lewis was a good kisser, with full lips and a soft, gentle tongue. His hands encircled Alice’s waist, easing her back onto the blanket they’d spread over the meadow’s grass, and kissed her neck. Alice closed her eyes and wished the moment would last forever.

But it didn’t. All too soon, as she’d feared, Lewis was reaching up to unbutton Alice’s shirtdress.

She lightly pushed him away. “I’m rather tired, Lewis. Can’t we just kiss and cuddle?”

“But I love you, Alice.”

“I love you, too. It’s just...”

Lewis frowned, then rolled away from her, onto his side. “I know. I’m not any good at sex.”

The sad way he said it broke Alice’s heart. But, unfortunately, it was true. While Alice enjoyed the intimacy of making love with Lewis, she’d never climaxed with him. She hadn’t even come close.

Truth was, Alice hadn’t had an orgasm, ever. She didn’t know if she even could. It didn’t bother her much, except for moments like this when Lewis wanted to fool around. Though she knew Lewis was inexperienced, Alice couldn’t help feeling inadequate. As much as he claimed he enjoyed their lovemaking, Alice knew, deep down, he was just as disappointed in it as she was.

Alice reached over, touching his shoulder.

“It’s not just you, Lewis. It’s me, too. I’m not any good, either.”

Lewis twisted his body to face her. “That’s why we should practice. To get better. Here, I got you something to help.”

He jack-knifed into a sitting position and dug into the picnic basket, pulling out a slender box wrapped in polka-dot paper.

“I was going to save this for your birthday, but I think now is the perfect time.”

Lewis handed the package to Alice, who took it cautiously. Normally, she loved receiving presents. But something about Lewis’s tone, and the strange shape of the box, made Alice uneasy.

“What is it? A candlestick?”

“Open it and see. It cost almost a hundred dollars.”

A hundred dollars was a lot of money. Especially for Lewis, who worked in a shoe store earning slightly over minimum wage. Alice ran her finger along the seam and tore the paper off, revealing a plain white box. And inside that was...

Well, Alice really wasn’t sure.

It looked sort of like Lewis's manhood, with a shaft, and a bulbous head. But this was made of white plastic. Near the bottom were two large, rubber ears, sprouting out of the base where hair on a man would be.

"Lewis... is this a..." Alice searched her mind for a word she'd never spoken before. "A *dildo*?"

Lewis beamed. "It's a vibrator, Alice. It's called a rabbit. I found it on Amazon.com. They sell everything, and have the best prices. The buttons on the bottom make it rotate and vibrate, and those ears rub up against you."

Alice immediately dropped the box as if it contained a live snake. "Why would you buy me such a crude thing?"

Lewis's smile faded. "I thought it would help you to, you know..."

Alice immediately felt bad for her knee-jerk reaction. Especially considering how much it cost. She placed a hand on Lewis's cheek. "Oh, Lewis. I don't want plastic and batteries. It's you I want."

"Really?"

Alice nodded.

Lewis moved in to kiss her again, and Alice kissed him back. This time, when he reached to unbutton her dress, she didn't protest.

A moment later, Lewis had his pants around his ankles and he was on top of her.

"You're so hot, Alice."

"Lewis..."

"God, I love your tits," he said, his hand up under her bra.

"Lewis, you know I don't like it when you talk like that."

"Oh... Alice..."

"Why don't we slow down a little? Then maybe I can..."

Too late. Lewis was already finishing up. It hadn't been more than thirty seconds from beginning to end. Which, for Lewis, was a record.

"That was beautiful, Alice. And you're beautiful. I love you so much."

He kissed Alice again, then rolled off of her, onto his back, and tucked himself into his jeans. A moment later he was snoring.

Alice felt like crying. Everything about Lewis was so perfect, except for this. She had barely felt him enter her before he'd finished. Alice buttoned her dress back up, stared at the fluffy, white clouds overhead, and asked them how she could improve their sex life.

The clouds didn't answer. Because clouds don't talk.

Turning away from Lewis, Alice's eyes locked onto the box he'd given her. The rabbit. A terrible gift, one that reminded Alice of her shortcomings.

"Oh, Lewis, what are we going to do?"

Alice wished, more than anything in the world, that she could be a regular, normal girl. She wanted to have those earth-quaking orgasms her friends told her about. She wanted to feel like a real woman, not like a broken doll. Alice truly believed Lewis was the man for her, the one she wanted to live happily ever after with. But she didn't know of any fairytales where Prince Charming couldn't make the princess climax.

"Someday my prince will come," she lamented softly, "too fast."

Then again, maybe it wasn't all the prince's fault.

Alice hesitantly reached for the box, then withdrew her hand before touching it.

What am I afraid of? Alice thought, chiding herself.

She glanced at Lewis again, making sure he was asleep. Alice couldn't imagine how embarrassing it would be if he saw her do what she was thinking about doing. But Lewis was still snoring softly, and if the pattern held, he'd be asleep for at least another hour. So once again, Alice reached for the box. This time she did pick it up, taking a closer look at the rabbit.

If it was designed to look erotic, the designers got it wrong. This toy was decidedly unsexy, and Alice had no desire to get it anywhere near her private parts, let alone put it inside.

She pressed one of the buttons on the base, and almost dropped the rabbit

when it began to undulate in her hand. Once the shock wore off, her original assessment remained. This thing looked goofy, not arousing.

Alice pressed another button, and the rabbit's ears began to vibrate.

Hmm. Interesting.

Alice didn't know a lot about her own anatomy. Her mother died when she was young, and her father wasn't very good at answering questions about anything related to the female body. But she knew enough to know the top part of her nether regions was the most sensitive spot, and these ears looked like they would fit perfectly over it.

Alice tested the vibration with her thumb. It was strong. And a dial on the base made it even more intense.

"So," Alice whispered to herself. "Do I wait forever for Lewis to figure out how my body works? Or do I figure it out for myself?"

Alice chewed her lower lip, made her decision, checked to make sure Lewis was sleeping and no one else was around their picnic nook. Then she tentatively lifted the hem of her dress and—

The white rabbit vibrator hopped out of her hands!

Alice sat up, reaching for it, and the rabbit hopped again, off the blanket and onto the grass.

"That's... impossible," Alice said.

She rubbed her eyes, convinced this couldn't actually be happening. It had to be a dream, like in some silly Victorian fantasy novel. Getting on all fours, Alice went after the rabbit, reaching out both hands to grab for it, and the vibrator took three big hops and disappeared into the woods.

Alice didn't know how to react. She'd never experienced anything even remotely like this. Though admittedly her experience was limited, Alice didn't believe that sex toys, even the expensive ones, came to life and ran off. But odd as it was, Alice had no choice but to go after it. She would never be able to explain to Lewis how she had lost his gift.

Alice ran into the woods, even though she had forgotten her shoes, and

fortunately was just in time to see the toy pop down a large rabbit hole under a hedge.

“Oh dear, oh dear, this is crazy!” Alice dipped down onto her hands and knees and peered into the hole, but she didn’t see any sign of the device. It must have hopped further in. There was no helping it, she was going to have to climb in after. Alice started crawling.

The rabbit hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping before she found herself falling into a very deep well.

Alice fell and fell for what seemed like an eternity. Down and down and down. The air in the well smelled sweet and exotic, and the longer she plunged, the warmer and more relaxed she felt.

“Surely when I hit the bottom, I will not be so comfortable,” she said to herself. “In fact, I’m sure I will be horribly maimed.”

But Alice was wrong about that, just as she’d apparently been wrong about sex toys running off, and when she finally reached the bottom, she landed quite gently on a cushion of pink velvet in the middle of a small room.

Her first thought was to find the vibrator, and Alice spotted it even before she’d climbed off the cushion. It hopped past a small table and toward an even smaller door.

Alice scrambled to her feet and dashed after it, but it was through the door and hopping into what appeared to be a beautiful secret garden before Alice was able catch it. She tried to follow, but her shoulders were too wide, and only her head could fit through.

“There must be another way,” she exclaimed to herself. Losing Lewis’s gift wasn’t an option, and she didn’t have a hundred dollars to replace it. So she circled the room three times before finally noticing a blue bottle perched on the top of the table.

The blue glass sparkled, the bottle’s neck curving alluringly to an ornate

cork at the mouth. Alice picked it up, stroking it with her fingers, and saw a label stamped on the cork.

DRINK ME

Anticipation shivered through her. It would be silly of her to bring it to her lips. She didn't even know what liquid was inside. But still... what if she did?

The thought of tasting what the bottle had to offer teased at the back of her mind. Alice pushed it away, but even before she set the vessel back down, the temptation was back. What would it taste like? What would it do? Was it some kind of exotic liqueur? Would it make her tipsy? Downright drunk? Would it shrink her so she could fit through the small door? If so, wouldn't that just be the stupidest thing ever?

Maybe this strange, underground world was messing with her common sense. Or maybe she was just easily manipulated and lacked self-control. Whatever the case, without another thought, Alice opened the cork and took a swallow.

The fluid was thick and silky, and it moved over her tongue and infused her taste buds first with sweetness, then salt, then a flavor she'd never quite tasted before. She took another drink, and another, until the bottle was empty.

Besides the wonderful flavors, nothing happened.

Until...

Alice's body began to grow warm. Not hot or uncomfortable, but languid and relaxed. Her dress felt tight. The heat ran through her bloodstream like warm molasses and collected at a spot between her legs.

A button popped off her dress, the thread simply giving way. Then another followed, until the whole front split open down to her waist. She shifted uncomfortably, her breasts pillowing over the top of her bra, the cups no longer containing her.

Alice ran her hands over her belly, her sides, her back, but it was only her

breasts that had grown too large. The rest seemed as normal as ever, except for the heat between her thighs.

She shrugged out of the dress and let it pool on the floor. With the buttons gone, it was nearly worthless, and the bra pinched her painfully as well. Finally, she grew so hot in her nether regions that she slipped off her panties, desperate to keep cool.

“Oh, dear!” she exclaimed. “What do I do now?” But Alice knew there was only one thing to do. She had to wait until the blue liquid’s heat wore off and her bosoms shrunk. Then she’d find a way home, whether she caught the rabbit vibrator or not.

Alice paced around the room, wishing for a window she could open to bring in some air, and then she felt it; a delicious, cooling breeze. She followed its source, light and refreshing on her skin, and to her surprise it led her to an open door she’d never noticed before. So cool, so nice, she stepped outside, just for a moment, but before her moment was up, the room had disappeared and she was in a garden much like the park where she and Lewis had their picnic.

Lewis.

She scampered along the edge of the woods, eager to get back to him. She had no idea how she would explain her nudity, nor her burgeoning breasts or her nipples, which were tight and protruding as if she was chilled. But she could wrap their picnic blanket around herself, and cover it all up. And eventually the heat and the throb of pressure building in her secret place would fade and everything would be back to the way it was.

At least she could hope.

But when she reached the spot where they’d enjoyed their lunch, she realized she’d gotten it all wrong. This wasn’t the park. She didn’t know this place at all. And in the distance she heard the scolding of birds and what might be harsh human voices, and she ducked into the shelter of a trail through the trees before anyone could see she wasn’t wearing a stitch of

clothes on this bright summer's day.

Chapter 2

Advice from a Caterpillar

Feeling self-conscious and more than a little ashamed, Alice followed the trail into the forest, sticks and pebbles poking her tender, bare feet, twigs from the ominous, overhanging tree canopy pinching at her hair like thin fingers. Soon the sun was just an occasional flicker through the branches, and a cool ground wind blew firmly across Alice's naked body, stiffening her nipples. Quickening her pace, and getting more and more anxious as the woods darkened, Alice glanced down until she could no longer make out the trail. She turned, trying to backtrack, but couldn't find the path she had taken to get there. However, through a break in the tree line, Alice saw the most interesting sight. A field of mushrooms.

But these were unlike any mushrooms she'd ever seen. Dark and enormous, almost up to her shoulders, with thick, fat stems and bulbous heads so big she couldn't wrap her arms around them. The sight of the mushrooms both repulsed Alice and drew her toward them, her feet heading into the field on their own volition. Soon she was surrounded by dozens, hundreds, a whole forest of mushrooms, so close together that Alice rubbed against them as she passed. The caps were soft, almost velvety, but firm and unyielding. They reminded Alice of something, but for the life of her, she couldn't remember what.

The potion Alice had swallowed was making her tingle more than ever.

Looking around to see if anyone was watching, Alice pressed her palm between her legs, trying to calm the throb. Her hand felt good there, rubbing softly against her as she walked, and Alice thought about her boyfriend, Lewis. Why couldn't he be here right now? More than ever before, she would have liked him inside her. In fact, Alice had never been so eager for it.

She closed her eyes for a moment, imagined Lewis's weight on top of her, kissing her neck softly, his hands cupping her bare breasts, wrapping her legs around him as the tip of his—

“Who are you?”

Surprised, Alice let out a gasp as she opened her eyes and saw a man staring down at her from one of the mushrooms. He straddled it like a biker astride a motorcycle, and indeed he looked the type. Black leather pants. Black boots. A black leather vest over a bare chest. Several days' worth of beard on his face.

His voice was foreign—some sort of European accent— and Alice guessed English wasn't his first language. His arms were muscled, and Alice noticed a tattoo on his shoulder, something that looked like a letter of the alphabet but upon squinting Alice realized was a caterpillar.

“I'm, um, Alice.”

The man didn't reply. His dark hair was short, untamed, and he had the deepest green eyes Alice had ever seen. He glared at her like a lion glared at a gazelle. Even more self-conscious about her nudity, Alice lifted her arm across her breasts, tucked her knees together, and bent over to shield herself from his gaze.

“I am Pilar,” he said, pronouncing it Pee-larr and rolling the r at the end. Alice figured he might be Portuguese. “Why are you in my mushroom field, Alice?”

“I'm lost,” Alice said, close to sobbing. “Will you help me?”

“Stand up straight,” Pilar ordered. Though he said it softly, Alice sensed

the steel in his voice.

“I’m naked,” Alice said, though she realized it was a silly thing to say. He obviously knew that already.

“If you need my help, Alice, we need to trust one another. One way to build trust is for you to do as I say. How do I know you aren’t a poacher, in my field to steal my mushrooms?”

“But I’m not,” Alice said.

“Then stand up straight so I may see you aren’t hiding any poaching equipment.”

Fighting embarrassment, Alice forced herself to straighten to her full height. She watched as Pilar swung his leg over the mushroom and dropped to the ground. He walked to her slowly, leisurely, the barest hint of a smile on his lips, and stopped when he was just a few feet in front of her.

“Put your hands at your sides,” Pilar said.

“But you can see I’m not holding anything.”

“I see nothing of the sort. You could be hiding all kinds of things.”

Alice wondered if she should run away. But to where? Back into the dark, scary woods? Into the field of mushrooms that Pilar claimed were his? Though Pilar seemed a bit strange, and rather intense, he hadn’t done anything that made Alice believe he would hurt her. Maybe he was telling the truth, and he just wanted to make sure she wasn’t a mushroom poacher.

Alice dropped the arm from her breasts, feeling her face flush with shame.

“You are beautiful, Alice,” Pilar said.

She blushed even harder. “Thank you.”

“Please remove your other hand.”

“But I’m surely not hiding anything in *there*,” Alice proclaimed.

Pilar stared at her. “As you wish,” he said. Then he turned and began to walk away.

“Hey!” she called after him. “Please don’t leave me!”

Pilar soon blended into the mushrooms, and Alice realized the fear of being lost and alone was far worse than the embarrassment of a stranger seeing her naked. So she hurried after him, running through the mushroom field, catching up just as he opened the door to a small, wooden shack with mushrooms sprouting on the flat roof.

“Pilar! Please wait!”

He had left the door open, and Alice took that as an invitation and hurried inside the cabin. The interior surprised Alice, because unlike Pilar’s rough exterior, this was pleasant, almost cozy. A fire crackled in a cast iron stove, where a pot of tea brewed, filling the air with the scent of peppermint. A large rocking chair, with a red blanket across the back, sat in the corner. Oil lamps on the walls cast a soft, orange glow over everything.

As Alice was looking around, someone stepped from behind the door and grabbed her shoulders, giving her a terrible shock.

“Why are you in my house?” Pilar demanded, his soft voice loud and firm.

“I... uh... you left the door open... and I thought—”

“I did not invite you in my house. You have no right to be here.”

“I’m sorry. I’ll go.”

He leaned in close, his face inches from hers. “Did you steal anything?” he asked, his breath smelling like peppermint tea.

“What? No! Of course not! I just walked in a second ago!”

“I do not trust you, Alice. How can I believe someone I cannot trust?”

“But you must believe me! I’m not hiding anything!”

“I should call the police. They have ways of dealing with liars and thieves.”

Alice realized she’d never been this close to a man before, other than Lewis. Pilar was near enough to kiss her. She stared at his mouth, his cruel lips, unable to turn away. The damned throbbing between her legs was becoming unbearable, and without thinking she quickly pressed her mouth

to Pilar's, wanting more than anything to feel his tongue in her mouth.

Pilar quickly pulled away. "What are you doing?"

"I... uh..."

"I did not give you permission to kiss me."

"I'm sorry. It's just, I drank this potion earlier, and it is making me crazy."

Pilar raised an eyebrow. "A potion? Was it blue?"

"Yes."

"Did it say DRINK ME on the bottle?"

"Yes. Yes it did."

"And you drank it?"

"Yes."

"What sort of fool would drink a blue potion without knowing what it was?"

Alice didn't know how to respond. She felt like crying.

"This potion, which is making you crazy..." Pilar's voice had lost the rough edge, and now was soft as a summer breeze. "Do you want to stop the crazy feeling?"

"Yes. Can you help me?"

"I can. But you have to trust me. Do you trust me, Alice?"

Pilar released her shoulders. Alice glanced at the door leading back into the mushroom field.

"You can leave if you wish," he said. "The choice is yours."

Looking up into Pilar's deep, green eyes, she said, "Yes. I trust you."

"Come with me."

Taking Alice's hand, he lead her through his cozy cabin to a large, iron door.

"This is my Pink Room of Bunnies," he said.

"How adorable."

"I can get the potion out of you, but to do so, you must be restrained."

“How do you mean?”

“I must tie you up, Alice. That is the only way.”

Alice released Pilar’s hand, taking a step back. “I don’t know. I—”

“Do you know what a safeword is?”

Alice shook her head.

“While you are restrained, if I do anything you don’t want, you say the safeword and I stop.”

Alice lowered her voice and whispered, “What is the safeword?”

“It can be anything you want.”

Alice tried to think, but the throb between her legs was making it hard to concentrate.

“Alice, the blue potion, if you don’t get it out of your system, you will go mad. You could even die from it.”

“Die?”

Pilar nodded solemnly. “Unless you have release, it could make your loins explode.”

“Gosh,” Alice said, shuddering in fear. “I don’t want that.”

“Perhaps you should have considered it before gulping down some strange, foreign liquid. That was pretty damn stupid.”

“Do loins explode a lot?”

Pilar looked pained. “All the time.”

Alice took another glance at the door, then looked at Pilar’s tattoo on his shoulder.

“Caterpillar,” she said.

“Yes?”

“Yes what?”

“You called me?”

“I did?”

“That’s my name. Pilar is short for Caterpillar.”

“Oh. That’s an odd name.”

“My parents liked insects.”

“It’s still odd.”

“You should meet my sister, Dung Beetle.”

Alice made her decision. “I want to use Caterpillar as my safeword.”

Pilar’s green eyes twinkled. “Excellent. Into the Pink Room of Bunnies, then.”

He held open the heavy door and Alice was shocked by what she saw. It was a dungeon.

Shackles and chains hung from the rafters. There was a table with leather straps on it, and a wooden wheel on the wall where a person could be bound and spun around. A steel cage was in the corner, and there was a collection of canes, riding crops, and whips on the wall. Looking at them made Alice feel queer and peculiar.

There were no bunnies at all. And it certainly wasn’t pink.

“Caterpillar!” Alice immediately blurted.

“Yes?”

“That’s my safeword. I want to quit.”

“Why? We haven’t even begun.”

“You mean to beat me with those whips and rods,” Alice said, pointing.

“I hadn’t planned on it. Do you want me too?”

“Why on earth would I want you to?”

“Some people enjoy it.”

Alice had never heard of such a thing. “You’re making that up.”

“Not at all. See that strange-looking table there?”

He pointed to something that resembled a small church pew, covered in padded leather. Alice had no idea what it was, but the sight of it made her uneasy.

“What is it?”

“That’s a spanking table. One kneels on it and bends over, and the straps hold them in place so they may be thoroughly spanked.”

Alice was flabbergasted such a thing existed.”Why?”

“Some people are naughty, and need to be disciplined.” Pilar stood next to Alice, snaking an arm around her waist, pulling her so close she pressed into him. “Have you ever been naughty, Alice?”

Alice couldn’t quite find her voice. Her pelvis was tight against Pilar’s, and she could feel his bulge. She tried to squirm away, but he held her fast, and all Alice succeeded in doing was rubbing against it.

“What do you mean?” she whispered.

“Naughty girls should be punished. Tell me you’ve been naughty, and I’ll take you over my knee and slap your bare bottom right now.”

Alice stopped trying to pull away. The potion was too powerful, the feeling building within her too good. She rubbed her hard nipples across Pilar’s rough leather vest, and tried to grind her hips against him.

“Yes,” Pilar said. “You are naughty, aren’t you? Perhaps you need a spanking. Something like this.”

Pilar brought his hand down on Alice’s naked posterior, and the loud slap was almost as startling as the contact. After a brief sting, her bottom began to warm up where he’d smacked it.

Alice squeezed her eyes shut. She’d never felt like this before. This man, this complete stranger, had just struck her. She should go to the authorities, hire a lawyer, file charges. But instead, her whole body began to tingle, and though she hated herself for how she felt, Alice wanted more than anything for him to smack her again.

“I... I am naughty,” she managed.

Pilar rubbed the area he’d punished, and then moved his strong, thick fingers lower, between her legs. Alice gasped. No one had ever touched her there before. When she and Lewis made love, he just stuck it in quickly. And Alice had never touched herself. She believed those parts of her were dirty and strange, and treated them as if they belonged to another person.

But Pilar did more than just touch. His index finger lightly stroked her

from beneath, first the left side, then the right. She wondered if he had put something on his hand because it was so slick, and then she realized with utter shame it was her own juices.

“Pilar...”

His other hand came down suddenly, smacking her bottom again, and Alice gasped and her eyes and mouth opened wide. The mixed sensations were extraordinary. The tenderness of his fingers, the firm cruelty of his palm, combining together to make her writhe against her own will.

Then Pilar’s finger began to slowly enter her.

“I knew you were naughty, Alice.”

“Yes,” she gasped as he penetrated deeper. “I am naughty.”

“Do you want to know what I do to naughty girls?”

“Oh, yes... Caterpillar.”

Alice was abruptly released, so fast her legs couldn’t support her and she fell onto the floor. She looked up at Pilar, confused and ready to cry.

“What is it? Did I do something?”

“You said the safeword,” Pilar said. “So I stopped.”

“What? No! I just... it’s your name, I was just calling your name.”

Pilar’s face brightened. “Ah. I understand. So shall I spank you? I can place you in the stocks and whip your butt and thighs with a crop.”

Alice couldn’t help but stare at the wooden stocks. She instantly imagined herself bent over, her head and hands trapped, Pilar behind her with a leather riding crop, punishing her bare flesh.

An abhorrent, repellant image. So why did it make her quiver so? Why did she want to try it?

“Never mind,” Pilar said. “That appears to be too advanced for you. We’ll begin with something easier. Stand up.”

Alice waited for him to offer his hand, but he simply stood there. She slowly got to her feet.

“Walk over to the wheel.”

Alice glanced at the large, wooden wheel, braced against the wall like a giant clock. It frightened her, made her legs weak to the point where she thought she would fall again.

“Walk to it.”

Alice did, each step like walking through thick molasses. When Alice reached it, she saw the four thick leather straps on the edges, made to hold a person spread-eagle. In the center was an even thicker belt, meant to cinch around the victim’s waist.

Alice trembled, her whole body shaking.

“Lean against the wheel,” Pilar ordered.

“I... I don’t...”

Suddenly Pilar was behind her, one hand clutching her breasts, the other pressed to her belly.

“This is for your own good, Alice,” he said, his fingers descending. “I’m doing it to help you. Do you understand?”

“Uh...”

Once again his finger entered her. But this time he began to move it in and out, like Lewis when they made love. But unlike Lewis, Pilar didn’t seem to be in a race to the finish. He moved slowly, luxuriously, until she wanted to beg him to move faster.

“Lean against the wheel.”

“Uh... uh...”

“Alice.”

“Okay... okay...”

And the next thing Alice knew she was backed up against the terrible wheel and Pilar was strapping her into place. First her waist. Then her hands. Then her left foot. As he knelt down, stretching out her right foot, spreading her legs, Alice tensed up and began to resist. Pilar’s head was only inches away from her most private parts, and Alice felt shame like she’d never felt before.

How could she have gotten to this point? A complete stranger, strapping her to a giant wheel? Even more embarrassing, her hips seemed to have developed a mind of their own, and they heaved forward toward Pilar as if trying to touch him.

Then, suddenly, her other ankle was bound, and Alice had never been so exposed in her life.

“Try to get away,” Pilar said.

She strained. She pulled. But the wicked straps were tight, and she couldn’t close her legs, couldn’t get free. Alice was bound there, spread open before a man she barely knew, revealing parts of her even her doctor had never seen. Alice fought tears, a blush creeping up over her whole body, her sore bottom pressed against the rough wood of the wheel. This couldn’t possibly get worse.

Then it did. Pilar went to a cabinet and withdrew a length of white rope.

“This is silk bondage rope I received after training with a *nawashi* in Japan. I am going to tie it around your knees and thighs to restrict your pelvic movement and spread you wider.”

“Please, don’t. I beg of you.”

But Pilar didn’t listen. He looped the rope around her right knee and up her thigh, then cruelly pulled it back against the wheel and tied it off. Pilar repeated the procedure with the left leg, the rope so tight it forced her pelvis forward. Alice tried to struggle, but it was no use. She had lost all ability to move her lower regions, except for the tiniest of circles.

Pilar was so close she could feel his hot, peppermint breath on her. She chanced a humiliated look down, and could see his lips were almost touching her hair down there.

“This won’t do,” Pilar said. “I can’t see what I’m doing. I must shave you.”

“No! Please don’t, Pilar. Untie me at once.”

But Pilar was back to his cabinet, and when he returned it was with a

safety razor, a bowl, and a brush.

He spent a moment twirling the brush in the soap bowl, making a lather. The brush had round, bushy bristles, and when it was sufficiently covered with foam he began to spread it on Alice.

The lather was warm and smelled of sandalwood, and when it touched her she gasped at the sensation. It felt like washing, but not. When she washed herself down there, Alice used a soapy rag and was quick and businesslike. Pilar was gentler, slower. Alice felt as if he was dragging the process out, stroking her left and then right. Up, then down. Sometimes he missed the hair completely, going lower. Alice began to get lost in the rhythm. She closed her eyes, flexing her hips, trying to press into him. But just as she was ready to beg him to put a finger inside her again, Pilar withdrew the brush and began to shave her.

Unlike the gentle rhythm of the brush strokes, the razor was cold, stiff, and unyielding. The pleasant sensations were replaced by panic. What if he cuts me by accident? And even worse, what will I look like when he finishes? A few deft strokes later, and Pilar was done. He brought a pitcher of warm water, pouring it over Alice, washing away the remaining hair and lather, leaving her as naked and vulnerable as the day she was born.

“Would you like to see?” he asked. “I can fetch a mirror.”

Part of her did, but she was so mortified at being laid so bare that she couldn’t speak. She couldn’t understand how Pilar could even stand to look at it. Those parts of her were ugly and dirty. They were used for childbirth and nothing more. Staring at them was abnormal and perverted.

“Beautiful,” Pilar whispered.

Alice wasn’t sure she heard him right.

“Pink and perfect and beautiful. I know we have just met, but would it be okay if I kissed you there?”

Alice couldn’t believe her ears. Why would he possibly want to do something like that?

But her hips began to make a little circle, and Alice couldn't stop the movement.

"One kiss then," Pilar said.

His lips touched hers, and Alice gasped. He was so soft, so tender, and she had an overwhelming urge to press against him. Maybe this is what she'd been missing her whole life. Maybe this was what sex was supposed to be like. She thought of Lewis, her boyfriend, kneeling between her legs, kissing her as Pilar did, and a low moan escaped her throat.

"Thank you," Pilar said, pulling away. "Now it is time to get to work. I'm afraid it is going to take some time, and may be a bit uncomfortable. To fully extract all of the blue potion, I'm going to have to build you up and tease you beyond what you feel you can endure."

"Tease... me?"

"Have you never been teased before, woman?"

"I... I don't know."

Pilar rubbed his beard. "You aren't a virgin."

"No. I have a boyfriend named Lewis."

"Does Lewis satisfy you?"

"He's a very nice man."

"I mean sexually, Alice. Does he satisfy you?"

"I... I love Lewis. Being intimate with him makes me feel close, but... he doesn't really know what he's doing. I'm afraid I don't either..."

Her voice trailed off. Talking about her lovemaking failures was almost as humiliating as being spread open before a stranger.

"To tease is to arouse without release," Pilar said. "Like this."

Immediately, Pilar pressed his face against her. But this time it wasn't a kiss. He began to lick.

Alice began to plead with him to stop, that this was dirty, but it felt like something had ignited inside her loins. Throbbing, but times ten. Pilar licked around her opening, then put his tongue deep inside her, flicking it in

and out rapidly. Then he moved up higher, finding a sensitive spot between her lips, and when he touched it the feeling was so intense it almost brought pain. She cried out, and Pilar stayed on that spot; slow, fat, languid strokes until the almost-pain became something else, a warmth that began to spread throughout her whole body.

This was it, Alice thought. This was what she'd heard about. How sex was supposed to be. It felt amazing, and just kept getting better and better. Her hips were bucking now, wanting to capture Pilar's tongue, and he increased his tempo and pressure, pushing his finger up inside her, and the feeling built and built until—

Suddenly Pilar was gone. Alice continued to buck, straining against the ropes and shackles.

“Please! Please don't stop!”

“That,” Pilar said, wiping a hand across his glistening chin, “is teasing.”

“No!” Alice said. “Please don't stop. It's too cruel to bear.”

She almost squealed with delight as Pilar pressed his face to her again. All she needed was a few more seconds, a few more licks, and—

“Do you want me to stop?” Pilar said, pulling away.

“No! God, no!”

Alice was so close. So near experiencing what she longed so much to experience. Her whole life, she'd felt like a broken doll, missing an essential piece. But now she felt like a woman. A full-blooded, sexy woman. Alice wanted sex. She wanted it so bad she almost felt like crying.

“Do you want me to lick you again?” Pilar asked.

“Yes!”

“Or would you prefer I mount you?”

The thought made Alice shudder.

“Oh, mount me,” Alice said, close to tears. She'd never used such a vulgar command before. “Please mount me!”

Pilar stood up. Alice eyed the bulge in his leather pants. It seemed

monstrous.

“Do it,” she begged. She felt like her lower regions were on fire.

“Would you like it if I spanked you now?” Pilar asked. “What if I took the riding crop and tapped you where I just shaved? Would you like that?”

The very idea was abominable, but Alice was so excited that if anything touched her there, even something as terrible as a riding crop, it would send her right over the edge.

“I... I would like that.”

“Beg me to spank you.”

“Please... Pilar. Please spank me.”

“Beg me to lick you again.”

“Please. Lick me, Pilar.”

“Do you want me inside you?”

“Yes! Oh, yes!”

“No,” Pilar said.

Alice cried out in frustration. She tugged against her bounds, thrusting her hips into empty air without relief.

Pilar reached out, gave her cheek a tender caress, and then moved his hands to her breasts. His rough fingers found her nipples and began to tug.

Alice’s breath caught in her throat. Somehow all of the burning in her loins had suddenly transferred to her breasts.

“Harder,” she said.

Pilar gave each a small pinch, and Alice grunted in appreciation.

“I’ll be right back,” he said, releasing her.

No! No, no, no!

Alice squirmed and strained and begged for him not to leave. She felt completely out of control, more frustrated than she’d ever been in her life. This teasing was intolerable, and she thought about using the safeword just so that wicked Pilar would untie her so she could touch herself.

However, she didn’t say the safeword. Because deep down, Alice

realized she liked being teased.

It made no sense. It was like being hungry, and not being able to eat an apple only a few inches away. Or being terribly hot and thirsty and denying yourself a cool glass of lemonade. Or having an irresistible itch on your arm and being unable to scratch it.

But it was more than that. Alice yearned to know what other ways Pilar could torment her. She wanted to see how much teasing she could take before she burst. The throb had become a steady thrum of pleasure. Pilar's tongue on her most intimate parts had awoken some primitive beast in her.

A beast that demanded to be fed.

"Let him try to tease me beyond endurance," Alice said to herself, stiffening her upper lip. "I can handle anything he does. Even the riding crop. This can't possibly get any more intense."

Pilar came back from the cabinet with a leather bag. "Did you say something, dear Alice?"

"I said you can tease me however long you like. I can take it."

"Is that so?"

"Indeed."

Pilar reached his hand between her bare legs, rubbing her wetness, beginning the slow and steady rhythm again. Alice wanted to buck against him, to beg him to go faster, but she set her jaw and refused to give him the satisfaction of even a moan. But when Pilar took his hand away, Alice once again had to fight to not cry.

"Poor little Alice. How she suffers so."

Pilar reached into his bag and took out a small, golden chain. On each end was a wooden, spring-action clothespin.

"These hurt somewhat going on," he said. "But the real sensation begins when they are pulled off. The feeling is tripled."

Pilar pinched some skin of her inner thigh, and clamped the clothespin down. It brought a brief pinch of hurt, but then only pressure. Alice thought,

wickedly, how it would feel clamped down elsewhere on her body.

“See?” Pilar said. “Not bad at all. But when I remove it.”

He pulled off the clothespin, and the pinched bit of skin seemed to burn like she’d been struck with a wooden cane.

“Oh!” Alice cried out. It hurt, but as with the spanking, the sensation melded with the feeling in her shaven area, heightening the intensity of her longing.

“I shall clamp these onto your nipples,” Pilar said.

“No, you can’t!” Alice said.

“I can. And I will.”

Then his hand was between her legs again, rubbing and teasing. Alice clenched her jaw, watching as he brought up the clothespin, pinching the end so it opened like a tiny bird’s beak. He touched her nipple with it as she watched, helpless. Then he clamped it upon her.

Alice screamed. Not from pain. As before, somehow the heat between her thighs connected with the sensation in her breast, and a wave of pleasure hit her like a slap.

Panting now, her breath in short gasps, Alice watched as Pilar opened up the clothespin’s partner, circling it lazily around her areola as the fingers of his other hand thrust inside her with increasing speed.

“Do you want me to clamp this on your nipple?” he asked.

Alice couldn’t answer.

Pilar slowly began to withdraw his finger, until it barely touched her entrance.

“Yes!” Alice blurted out.

“Beg me.”

“Please, Pilar!”

The clothespin bit into her nipple just as he roughly entered her again, two fingers this time, going in and out with increasing speed. The pinch in her breast grew to encompass Alice’s whole body, and her eyes squeezed

shut as a wave built inside her unlike anything she'd felt previously, and then—

“Not yet,” Pilar said, withdrawing his hand. “You aren’t ready.”

“I’m...” Alice gasped, “I’m ready.”

“I think not.”

“I really think I am.”

Pilar shook his head.

Alice wanted to scream. To cry. She was torn between wanting to strangle him, and begging him to touch her again.

“How about,” Alice said while panting, “we trade?”

Pilar narrowed his eyes. “Trade what?”

“Keep touching me, and I’ll...”

“You’ll...?”

Alice blurted out the most daring thing she could think of. “I’ll kiss you... on your private.”

Pilar laughed.

“What’s so funny?” Alice asked, the blush rising again, her hips yearning to brush against him.

“Dear Alice, when I’m done with you, you’ll be begging to deep throat my cock and swallow every last drop of my essence.”

Alice had never heard such vulgarity directed at her. As aroused as she was, the very idea was ludicrous. Just saying she would kiss him there was as outrageous as she could possibly get. There was nothing he could do to her to make her do *that*.

Pilar seemed to drink in the expression of disgust on her face, and reached into his bag again and held up a...

“What is that?” Alice asked.

It was shaped like Lewis’s manhood, but made of black plastic and quite a bit larger. There were also tiny bumps across the surface.

“This is one of my smaller models,” Pilar said.

“You call that small?”

“It’s about the same size as I am. I don’t have the bumps though. Open your mouth.”

Alice shook her head. “No. Absolutely not. I don’t care if you keep me here and tease me for eternity.” And secretly, part of her hoped he would. But Alice wanted no part of putting that plastic monstrosity in her mouth.

Pilar took something else out of the bag with his other hand. It was bigger, but not shaped like a body part. She recognized it from the store Sharper Image when she visited the mall. It was a back massager. An eighteen inch handle, with a soft rubber ball on the end that vibrated.

A back massage? Now? It didn’t make sense, although Alice was rather tense in the shoulder.

Without saying a word, Pilar switched on the massager—
—and pressed it between her legs.

Alice gasped. The feeling was so intense, so acute, it made everything that happened previously that day seem trivial.

“This is a Hitachi Wand,” Pilar said. “The most powerful massager in the world. Right now, you’re experiencing the low speed. This is the high speed.”

He pressed the switch.

The sensations doubled.

Alice feared she would pass out. The pleasure began to multiply exponentially, until her whole body was reduced to pure sensation. Alice couldn’t think, couldn’t talk. She became a complete prisoner of her own greedy desires. Just a few more seconds and she would—

Pilar took the wand away.

Alice screamed with a frustration so great she had no doubt they could hear it all the way back home.

“Open your mouth,” Pilar said.

Alice couldn’t take it anymore. This had to end. “Caterpillar,” she said.

“Yes? That’s me.”

“Release me.”

“Is that what you want?”

“I can’t take this anymore. I—”

And then the massager was against her again. When Alice cried out, Pilar slipped the black plastic member in her mouth.

Alice gagged, trying to spit it out, to repeat the safeword. But then she lost her mind again to the vibrations.

Pilar continued to tease her. He would rub it up and down her legs, missing the most sensitive spots on purpose, driving her mad. When he did place it against her, he shut off the power. Even so, just rubbing against it was heavenly, but each time Alice got close to reaching her peak, Pilar would pull away.

Alice had no idea how long it went on. Minutes? Hours? But at some point, she resisted trying to spit out the thing in her mouth, and had begun to suck on it. Suck hard. She wanted that black thing deep in her throat, far as it could go. Alice imagined it was Lewis. Then she imagined it was Pilar. Before she knew it, Alice was concentrating so hard on the dildo she didn’t even notice Pilar was no longer teasing her. With no stimulation at all, the feeling in Alice began to build again. Her breath came faster, and as she sucked, her womanhood seemed to ignite. She was getting just as much pleasure and arousal from sucking a piece of plastic as she’d been when Pilar was touching her.

Then the terrible man began to tease her with that as well. Pulling the plastic out of her lips. Touching it to her chin and cheek. Making her strain and beg to have it in her mouth again.

“What do you want, dear Alice?” Pilar asked.

“Let me suck it, Pilar. Please.”

“It?” he asked, rubbing it against her cheek. “Or would you prefer me?”

Alice shuddered. What had seemed so abhorrent before was now all she

wanted in the world.

“You. Please, Pilar. Let me take you in my mouth.”

“I think you are ready.”

Suddenly the wheel spun, and Alice was hanging upside down. Her face was inches away from Pilar’s pelvis. She whimpered as he unbuttoned his leather pants, and when he released himself he was fully erect. So big. So stiff. Alice opened her mouth, wide as she could, moaning for it. Pilar brushed the tip against her lips—its velvet softness reminded her of the mushrooms—and then eased it inside her cheeks.

At the same time, Alice felt her shaven parts suddenly filled with something long and hard. It made her scream around Pilar’s manhood, and some overloaded part of her brain recognized it as the dildo she’s just had in her mouth. Pilar worked it in and out of her, picking up speed, and she tried to match that speed with her own efforts.

Then, abruptly, he pulled out of her mouth.

“NO!” Alice screamed. Now she did begin to cry, her whole body shaking at the cruelty of it.

But the toy inside her began to move faster and harder, and then suddenly the back massager was pressed against her as well, right on her most sensitive spot. The sensation was so strong Alice screamed again, and then Pilar rammed himself back into her mouth, and the pleasure overtook her, finally pushing Alice over the edge. All the build-up, all the teasing, crescendoed in a mind-blowing, frenzied climax that went on and on and on, and just as it began to die down and Alice thought there was nothing left in her, Pilar took the Hitachi up to the higher speed, reached down, and pulled the gold chain, yanking the clothespins off her nipples.

Alice felt as if she left her body. As if she no longer existed, except as pure sensation. The orgasm locked every one of her muscles, and she cried out around Pilar’s manhood and shook and trembled and rode wave after wave until she was ragged and sweaty and completely spent.

Pilar pulled out and turned the wheel so she was once again upright.

“Pilar...” she said, out of breath, flushed, feeling more like a woman than she ever had before. “Thank you for—”

And then he was inside her, filling her, thrusting slowly. Unlike Lewis, who always seemed to be anxious to finish, Pilar took his time. Alice didn’t think she had anything left, nothing more to give. But the feeling was impossible to resist. She sighed. She shuddered. Soon she was matching his thrusts, and the wave was building again inside her. Pilar moved his hands up her body, to her breasts, her nipples, which were wonderfully sore as he rolled them between his fingers. And then he was cupping her face, his thumb at the corner of her mouth, and she began to suck it, which turned her on even more.

“I’m coming,” Pilar said, and incredibly, Alice was once again as well. His thrusts became faster and faster and then his whole body seized and he held her tight and Alice screamed until he finally put a hand over her lips and politely asked her to shut up.

Alice was exhausted. But she felt she needed to thank him for what he’d done. Maybe she could clean his house, or help harvest some mushrooms or whatever the heck he did with them.

“You’ve been very kind to me,” Alice said. “Is there anything I can do to repay you?”

Pilar laughed. “You already did, dear Alice. I enjoyed it as much as you.”

“That hardly seems possible,” Alice said, blushing.

“How many times?”

“Excuse me?”

“How many times did you come, Alice? We need to make sure we got all the potion out.”

“I... well... I guess I’m not sure. I mean, there was at least two, but it may have been more than two. It was all so intense I don’t know if it was a bunch close together, or one really long one that wouldn’t end. I don’t have

any experience in this area.”

“You mean you’ve never come before?”

Alice shook her head.

“Well then, we’re going to have to take some drastic measures to be sure you no longer have any of the potion in you. Apologies, dear Alice.”

“Apologies? Heavens, what for?”

Pilar produced another length of rope from his bag. He began to wind it around the Hitachi wand.

“Pilar, what are you doing?”

Without answering, he tied the vibrator to Alice’s waist, so it hung between her legs, the soft ball pressing her swollen lips.

“We won’t bother with the teasing this time. I have some chores to do around the house. Yell for me when you get to—I don’t know—fifteen. That should be enough.”

He switched on the vibrator, instantly making Alice cry out. She squirmed and struggled against it, but there was no way to escape the sensations.

“Pilar, please... I’ll go mad.”

“You’ll do fine, Alice dear.”

Alice thrashed. “It’s too intense!”

He put the black dildo back into her mouth, and then found another, even larger, dildo in his bag. It had a thick, elastic strap on the end of it. He forced it up into Alice, filling her completely, and fastened the strap around her thigh so it stayed in place. Already the pleasure began to overpower Alice, the orgasm building rapidly.

“I’ll check on you in half an hour,” Pilar said.

A half hour? That was torture! Her eyes implored him not to go, but at the same time Alice didn’t want to spit out the dildo. The sensations were overpowering.

“Let me tell you how beautiful you look, suffering like this. I should call

in the townspeople, sell tickets for them to watch.”

Alice shook her head, mentally begging him not to do that. She would never be able to handle such humiliation.

Pilar chuckled to himself, walking away as the orgasm swallowed her.

Chapter 3

Pig and Pepper

The half hour went by quickly, and yet lasted longer than a lifetime. When Pilar returned and untied her, Alice's legs felt like rubber, and she could barely walk. She wanted nothing more than to curl up near the fire in his cozy cabin, sip peppermint tea, and then sleep the afternoon away.

"Goodbye now," he said, throwing open the door.

Alice pouted. "Can't I stay?"

"No."

"But I want to stay. Here. With you." She'd only just met the man, yet he'd given her everything she'd longed for, everything and much she hadn't even known existed. "Please?"

"Don't be silly, Alice. You have things to do, and so do I. Now, go."

Alice didn't have things to do, at least not in this strange place, but the way he'd said it, so forceful and sure, she didn't want to contradict. And she did want to go home. Very, very badly.

"Might I at least have something to wear?" she asked.

"Nonsense. A woman as beautiful as you, it would be a tragedy to cover you up. But the woods out there can be rough on bare skin. Just a moment."

Alice waited, and thirty seconds later, Pilar appeared again, holding a cardboard box.

"You look to be a size seven," he said.

A seven would be a bit tight on her, especially since her breasts still felt a bit swollen, but Alice would be thankful for any dress he gave her.

But when Pilar opened the box, it didn't contain a dress. Or a skirt. Or pants.

It was a pair of black leather boots, with pointed heels and silver buckles at the thighs.

"Here you are," he beamed.

Alice had never worn any such footwear. They looked to be made for strippers. Or prostitutes. But the trail was indeed rough on her bare feet, so she sat in the doorway and with great effort tugged them on.

"Magnificent," Pilar said. "They make your legs and bottom look incredible."

"Thank you. I—"

But he had already slammed the door.

So Alice forced her incredible-looking (but still rubbery) legs to carry her through the mushroom field, and peered up to see the sun glistening on their dew-kissed caps. She'd been in Pilar's cottage for what seemed like an eternity, and although her balance was wobbly and the spot between her thighs deliciously sore, she didn't feel the least bit tired.

She felt brilliant.

Alice walked in the direction Pilar had pointed, and soon she cleared the forest of mushrooms and came upon a ranch-style house with pink shutters. For a minute she stood looking at the house, wondering if whoever lived there could direct her to the path home, when suddenly a man wearing a police uniform with big lettering on his shirt stepped out of the forest and walked to the front stoop. There he set down the boom box he was carrying and simply stood, staring at the door.

"Aren't you going to knock?" Alice said. She wasn't sure what had made her feel so bold. Normally she wouldn't talk to a strange man like this, even a police officer, and it wasn't until he turned and looked at her that she

remembered that except for the boots, she was still completely nude.

Alice drew one arm across her breasts, and covered the shaved spot with her hand.

He would probably give her a ticket.

Instead he looked at her, staring with an intensity that made Alice want to shrink away. It wasn't a mean or hateful stare, or a crazy one.

No, this stare was... *hungry*.

"My, aren't you a pretty thing," he said, the tip of his tongue poking out his mouth and running across his perfect white teeth. "What is your name?"

"I'm Alice."

"I'm Dick. Are you here for the party, Alice?" Dick's eyes seemed to devour her.

"What party?"

"This is Wonderland. There's always a party. The Queen is playing croquet, but that's invitation only. The Hatter and the Hare are doing their tea thing, as usual. And I am here for the Duchess."

"What kind of party is the Duchess having?" Dick's stare was making Alice feel weird, and she wished desperately for something to cover herself up.

"This is a rainbow party."

Alice frowned. "I don't know what a rainbow party is."

"It is a lot of fun. Do you like having fun, Alice?"

"Yes. But I really do need to get back home."

"Well, I do hope you'll stay. You've got the prettiest lips. And your legs and bottom look fabulous in those boots."

"Thank you," Alice said, blushing.

"But your tits..."

Alice began to slouch, the blush getting worse.

"They are magnificent. I would love to have mammary intercourse with you."

“I don’t know what that is, either.”

“Perhaps, if you join us in the party, I can show you.”

He chuckled a little and smiled. It was a handsome smile, and Alice felt the throb between her legs return. She couldn’t help but wonder if Pilar’s treatment hadn’t done the trick, if she still had a bit of the potion still in her. Why else would she be so wanton?

“So why don’t you knock on the door?” she asked, covering up again.

“Because it is open already.” Dick turned the knob and they went inside.

The door led right into a large kitchen, which was full of smoke from one end to the other. Somone Alice assumed was the Duchess sat on a three-legged stool in the middle. A beautiful, buxom woman, she wore a dress with a plunging neckline, and every time she moved, she flashed a glimpse of nipple. Behind her, a large cauldron simmered on the fire, appearing to be full of soup. The rest of the kitchen was dark, cloaked in shadows, and in the corner, Alice saw something that looked like a white snake poking through the darkness.

As she stared, she realized there was a man standing behind the snake. The man had a round face with an enormous smile that seemed to cover half of it. He held a tablet computer in one hand, its screen glowing, and he grasped the snake in the other. Only the snake wasn’t a snake at all.

“Please would you tell me,” said Alice, a little timidly, for she was not quite sure whether it was good manners for her to speak first, “why that man is tugging on his privates?”

“His name is Cheshire,” said the Duchess. “And he likes to look at naked breasts, that’s why.” And as if to demonstrate, she twisted in her chair and her dress fell open to expose a huge bosom.

“Thank you, Duchess!” Cheshire called, his hand a blur.

The Duchess smiled, then she took a deep breath and bellowed, “Pig!”

At first Alice thought the woman was yelling at her, or at Cheshire, and then she realized she was looking at the policeman. Flustered at how rude

the Duchess was and feeling uncomfortable about how fast the man in the corner was now tugging, Alice backed away and let Dick step past her. He hit a button on his boom box, and music started playing. Before Alice knew what was going on, the cop began gyrating to the beat and taking off his uniform.

The cheap shirt and plastic badge went first, revealing sculpted muscle. With one move, his pants were off as well, leaving him in the smallest pair of underwear Alice had ever seen.

“Are you a stripper?” Alice asked.

“Didn’t the shirt give it away?” Dick said.

Alice glanced at the shirt and noticed, for the first time, it had printing on it that read STRIPPER in large letters.

“My badge says, *You have the right to remain naked.*”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t know.”

“Duchess calls me *pig* because that is crude slang for police officers, which is how I dress as part of my act.”

“Doesn’t that offend you?”

“No. It turns me on. Aren’t you turned on by crude and vulgar words?”

“Well, I... I don’t know.”

“When I said your tits were magnificent, did that arouse you?”

Alice didn’t know how to answer. She was embarrassed by the question, and uncomfortable being gawked at by the man in the corner, pleasuring himself. “I... I...”

“You seem flustered.”

“I *am* flustered,” Alice said.

“Don’t you like strippers?”

Dick pressed his muscular body against Alice, bumping into her heaving breasts, his bulge brushing the tip of her femininity.

Alice kept staring, and she felt shame in doing so, even though she couldn’t turn away. Even worse, she wanted to put her hands on Dick’s

chest, to run them over his six-pack abs, and most of all, take off his underwear and see what that bulge looked like underneath.

Terrible, obscene, shameless thoughts that made Alice's mouth go dry.

"I need to go," she said.

"Please stay," Dick said. "I strip for the Duchess, and she gives me a rainbow. It would be wonderful if you helped her."

Alice watched the clutch of his buttocks as he danced and the bounce of the package in front, not knowing what to do. She should leave, right away, but whenever she tried to get around Dick, he stepped in front of her, gyrating and grinding. Every time he bumped her, it caused another tingle in Alice, and she was becoming increasingly, uncomfortably aroused.

"Come here, naked girl." The Duchess said in a sharp tone. "I'll show you what a rainbow party is."

Alice did as she was told, grateful to get away from the stripper.

"Isn't he delicious?" the Duchess asked. "Look at the size of his bulge."

Dick's bulge was, indeed, formidable. The Duchess motioned him to come closer. When he did, she pulled the scrap of fabric down until Dick sprang free. He wasn't quite as long as Pilar, but almost as thick as Alice's wrist, and as she looked at him, his manhood flexed upward, as if reaching for her.

"Mmm," The Duchess said. "Isn't he just lovely?"

Alice had forgotten how to talk.

"Let's make a beautiful rainbow, shall we Alice?" The Duchess reached into her clutch, pulling out a handful of small cylinders. She spread them onto the floor, chose one, and pulled off the cap and twisted, revealing a length of deep, red lipstick. Puckering up, the Duchess gave her lips a thick coat, then beckoned Dick closer.

Grabbing him roughly, the Duchess opened her mouth and slid his member deep into her cheeks. Dick stopped dancing, and instead stood incredibly still, a deep moan emanating from his chest. Her lips stretched

wide to accommodate him, and the Duchess slowly, incredibly, was able to take all of him in, right down to the root.

“Thank you, Duchess,” Dick said. Alice tore her eyes away from the spectacle and looked at Dick’s face. His eyes were closed, his mouth open, and he panted in obvious ecstasy.

Slowly, the Duchess pulled her head away. When he popped free, there was a red lipstick ring encircling his member near the base.

“Your turn,” the Duchess said. “Pick a color.”

Alice was astonished. As arousing as it was to see Dick react to the Duchess’s actions, Alice had never done anything like that before. She’d taken Pilar in her mouth, true. But she’d been half-insane with lust at the time, unable to control herself. And even then, Alice hadn’t known what she was doing. Pilar seemed to enjoy it, but Alice’s technique was amateurish. The Duchess knew exactly what she was doing. She seemed to be in complete control.

“But... I don’t know how,” Alice protested.

“Nonsense. You just put on lipstick and take him in your mouth.”

“I don’t know what I’m doing.”

“I’m sure Dick won’t mind if you practice on him. Dick?”

“I wouldn’t mind at all, Alice,” Dick said. “Practice all you like.”

The Duchess picked up a tube of lipstick, extending it. The color was deep blue. She cupped Alice’s chin in one hand and smeared a thick coat across her lips.

“There. Now make the second band of color in the rainbow.”

Dick was right in front of her face, bobbing there, still glistening from the Duchess’s attention.

“I can’t,” Alice said, leaning away.

“See how much he wants you?” the Duchess said.

“Please, Alice,” Dick said. “Please take me in your luscious mouth.”

Alice thought about getting up, running for the door. But that damnable

throbbing in her nether regions had gotten worse, and Dick looked so earnest and needy. Maybe she could try it, just once.

She parted her lips, slightly, and moved them to the tip of Dick's extension. As on Pilar, the head was soft but firm, and as Alice wrapped her lips around it, Dick cried out.

She immediately jerked her head away in alarm. "I'm so sorry! What did I do wrong?"

The Duchess laughed. "Nothing, dear. The poor boy was simply overwhelmed with pleasure."

"But all I did was put it in my mouth."

"Trust me, Alice. There is no man in the world who wouldn't want a woman to take him in her mouth. It is the ultimate in control. They'll do anything for it. Watch." She turned to the stripper. "Dick, get down on your knees and put your head under my dress and I'll put you in my mouth again."

Dick immediately obeyed. Alice watched, fascinated, as the Duchess began to ride Dick's mouth like it was a carousel horse. She was rough, smearing her juices all over poor Dick's face, and it took less than a minute for her to shudder and cry out in release. Then she told Dick to stand, and took Dick's full length into her throat in a sudden, violent movement.

Dick cried out, "Thank you, Duchess!"

The Duchess bobbed her head twice, and then withdrew.

"Now put your mouth around him and see how far you can take him in, Alice."

Watching the scene had made Alice's throbbing become oh so terribly worse. She wished she had the courage to order Dick to lick her, as he had the Duchess, but that was far too embarrassing to even think about. But she did manage to open her mouth, wider this time, and slowly suck Dick in between her cheeks.

"Yes," Dick said. "Oh, yes. That's so good."

“Now bob your head, Alice,” the Duchess said, entangling her fingers in Alice’s hair and guiding her back and forth.

Alice began to get the hang of it, but went in too deep and began to gag. She spat Dick out.

“I’m so sorry, Dick.”

But Dick’s eyes had rolled up into his head, and his hips were bucking uncontrollably. He didn’t seem to mind at all that she’d gagged.

“New color,” the Duchess said. “How about a pretty orange?”

She did up her lips and swallowed Dick, also using her hand to stroke the base of his shaft. After a few pumps, it was Alice’s turn again. Alice selected a bright pink shade of lipstick, even though pink technically wasn’t a color in a rainbow. She imitated the Duchess’s actions, using her hand as well, and Dick began to whimper and shake.

“What a lovely rainbow,” the Duchess said, admiring the multicolored smears of lipstick on his manhood. “Don’t you think so, Dick?”

“Uhng... ungh... ungh...” Dick said.

“They’re so stupid and pliable when you get them to this state,” the Duchess said to Alice. “Right now, if you asked him to, he’d lick your boots.”

“But why?”

“Because men are pigs,” the Duchess said. Then she stood up. “This has been lovely, but I must attend the Queen’s croquet game. She sent an invitation to me, and she gets cross when guests are late. Please finish off Dick for me, Alice.”

“Excuse me?”

“Make him climax. He’s been a dear boy, and deserves his reward. “

“But, I don’t know how.”

“It’s easy, really. Just remember the song.” The Duchess started singing along with the music.

I speak severely to my boy,

*I beat him when he sneezes;
For he can thoroughly enjoy
The pepper when he pleases!*

“That doesn’t make any sense,” Alice said, wrinkling her brow.

“And why should it?” the Duchess said. “It was written a hundred-and-fifty years ago. But I will say the soup has a lot of pepper in it, and next to the soup is an ice bin. I know that Dick enjoys both. Use your imagination, Alice. You have the power here. Look how badly he wants you. He’ll do anything you ask if you give him the attention he desires. Now I must be off.”

And with that, the Duchess left.

Alice swallowed, her throat gone dry. She thought of Pilar, of all he’d shown her. But as much as she’d already learned about herself, he’d been in control. Alice hadn’t had to do things on her own. And like she had told the Duchess, she didn’t know how.

“Don’t be afraid. You’re doing an excellent job.”

Alice turned in the direction of the voice, met Cheshire’s grinning face, and all she could think about was running out of this strange house and getting back to safe, sweet Lewis, who never put her on the spot, never leered, never tried anything new, and never asked anything of her beyond laying on her back and opening her thighs.

“I like to watch,” said Cheshire, stroking furiously. “I watch movies. Live shows. Some people around Wonderland let me peep in windows. And let me tell you something, Alice. You are *very* sexy to watch.”

Alice wasn’t sure if it was proper to thank a man who was staring at her, wanking, so instead she just politely curtsied.

“Dick likes the soup,” Cheshire said. “The peppers in it are most titillating. Isn’t that right, Dick?”

“Uhng,” Dick said. The poor man didn’t appear to know where he was.

Alice couldn’t leave him in such a terrible state, so she decided to at least

try. She lifted the spoon from the cup, and fingers trembling, she brought it to her lips. It smelled heavenly, like roasted chicken and potatoes, like sweet curry and succulent vegetables too varied to name. She took a sip.

Heat spread through her body, like a spicy wildfire. She let the spoon drop into the cup, then the cup crashed to the floor.

“It’s so hot.” Peppers overwhelmed her senses and made her body feel as if it was burning.

Dick locked eyes with her, his pleading for release.

“Come to me,” she said.

He instantly responded, standing directly in front of her. She looked down at his member, hard and strong and ready. Alice shouldn’t want this. Pilar was one thing. He’d overwhelmed her. No one could blame her for that. But here she could do whatever she wanted. Walk out the door and find the white rabbit vibrator. See if it could show her the way home.

Only...

Only...

Only she wanted to know what he’d taste like when he climaxed. She wanted to feel him against her tongue.

Alice lowered herself to her knees.

“Okay... I guess you can put it against my lips,” she told him.

Her mouth still burned with pepper. When he brushed against her, Alice wrapped her lips around him and slid him over her tongue until he was halfway down her throat.

With a grunt, he surged deeper in her mouth, and she could imagine the sting of the pepper in her mouth on his tender skin. She pulled back slowly, as the Duchess had done, and as she reached the tip, she teased him with her tongue.

He grunted again.

Like a pig.

Figuring that was a good thing, Alice took hold of him at his root with

one hand and flicked and circled and licked. Each stroke of her tongue brought a grunt and a flex, as if he was her puppet she could make perform to her whim.

“You have magnificent tits.”

She’d almost forgotten that Chester (or whatever his name was) was there. And for a second, the flush of embarrassment washed over her again, but then Dick gave a mighty grunt and a little whimper, and she brought her focus back to him.

“More soup,” Dick begged. “Please.”

Alice had heard Lewis beg her before, but not like this. Dick’s pleas aroused Alice, almost to the point where she was ready to climax herself. Unlike Lewis, whom she pleased out of love and obligation, Alice wanted to please Dick because...

Because...

Well, because it was *fun*.

Mammary intercourse, wasn’t that what he’d mentioned? Maybe she could do that. It wasn’t hard to figure out. But first...

Alice lifted a full cup of soup, and added a cube of ice from the bucket so it wasn’t so hot. Then she splashed it onto her chest, the liquid dribbling down between her breasts.

She poured a little more of the soup on her body. It coated her skin, stung her nipples, making them tingle and burn. Alice cupped her hands on either side of her mounds, pushing them together, her nipples jutting, then she slid his manhood in between.

He grunted again, this time sounding like it came from the bottom of his being.

Alice moved up his shaft, the tip of him vanishing into her cleavage. Then she glided down, watching him grow, push forward, his head purple, burning, wanting. And when he had fully emerged, she licked him.

He cried out, and she could feel his thighs tremble.

Like she had trembled at Pilar's hand.

Tease him, that was what Pilar had taught her.

Alice circled Dick, taking her time, flicking and tormenting with her tongue, then plunging him back down between her breasts.

Between her tits. Alice embraced the vulgar word, owning it, letting it empower her.

In fact, Alice had never felt so empowered. Perhaps there was something to this.

She moved one way, she could make Dick grunt. She flicked with her tongue, light like a butterfly landing, and she could bring on a whimper. She brought him deep down into her throat, and he cried out.

The feeling was amazing.

Every few minutes, and the grinning man in the shadows would make similar, approving sounds. Where his watching had once creeped her out, Alice now found it strangely compelling, and she thought that must make her extra naughty. She imagined what he saw. Her licking and fondling and rubbing her body over Dick, but also, when she lifted from her boots to run her body up the stripper's length, Cheshire would moan, and on some level, she realized he must be looking at her, at her bottom, between her legs, at her shaved area. And instead of moving so he couldn't see, or running away, which is what she probably should have done if she'd been a good girl, she spread her thighs to give him a better view.

It was delightfully wicked.

She brought Dick into her mouth again, deep this time, until she could feel hair tickle her nose.

"Please grab them," he said, his voice hoarse. "Please grab my balls."

He started rocking against her, thrusting his length into her mouth, and they began to swing like pendulums.

She brought her hand up under him, cradling them, feeling their weight. She rolled them lightly between her fingers, seeing how it made him quiver.

Dick moved faster, harder, grunting and groaning. Alice thought of Pilar, of the pleasure of being teased, of the luscious pain.

She pulled away, letting him slide from her lips.

“Oh, please don’t stop. I beg you.”

Alice smiled. “So beg.”

His eyes widened, and she could imagine that was just how she had looked. “Please take me in your mouth again. You are so hot. I’m so turned on right now.”

“How do I make you feel?” Alice asked.

“So good. I’m so close. Please, please let me come.”

“I’m hot,” Alice said.

His gaze skimmed down her naked body, glistening with sweat. “Yes, you are so very hot.”

“Yes, you are,” echoed the grinning man.

“I meant, my mouth and skin are hot from the pepper.”

Alice reached for the ice bucket and took several pieces into her mouth. Then she took Dick’s shaft as well.

The ice was delicious and cold and wet. She cupped a chip in her tongue, then ran her tongue up the underside of his manhood.

He groaned. He grunted. He cried out.

She brought her mouth lower, under his stiff length. Cupping and licking with iced tongue, she made him whimper and beg, his hips thrusting as if he no longer had control, as if he was all hers.

So this is what Pilar meant, she thought. This is why he enjoyed himself as much as I.

“Please,” begged Dick.

Alice smiled up at him, then stepped away. She remembered what the Duchess said.

It was ridiculous and wrong and she shouldn’t do it. “Lick my boots,” Alice told him anyway.

He immediately dropped to his knees and began lapping at the black leather like it was the most delectable thing he'd ever tasted. She took more soup, poured it down her belly, letting its greasy warmth tickle between her thighs.

"Now you taste the soup."

He grunted, then ran his tongue over her boot tops, up to the hinge of her thighs.

"Can I put my tongue inside you?" Dick asked. "Please?"

His pleading was sweet, his begging irresistible. And it *did* sound like a keen idea.

"What do you think, Cheshire?"

"Wait just a moment. I'm out of tissue." There were sounds of frantic movement from the shadows, and then the tear of a box being ripped open.

"Okay, go ahead."

"Sit," she ordered Dick.

Dick sat.

"Lie down on your back," she said, and to her delight (and still a bit of surprise) he did.

She walked slowly around him, letting the heels of her boots click on the stone floor. A flush of heat stole over her skin, a little embarrassment at the two sets of eyes on her, yet not only that.

Strength.

Power.

Alice had something they wanted, and she could give it if she pleased.

She placed a boot on either side of Dick's head, leaving him to stare up at her most private spot, the spot that was now bare to the world.

She focused on him, on his *cock*, letting that word roll over her mind, tasting it with her thoughts, just as she'd tasted him.

Then she squatted over his face. "Lick me."

The first lick of his peppered tongue made heat wash through her,

stinging, searing. She'd thought Pilar had been enough for her, forever, that she wouldn't want—couldn't want—anything more.

She was wrong. “Keep going.”

He did. With pepper and with ice, he moved his tongue over her, slowly like Pilar, then fast and frantic, like Lewis, only this lasted much longer.

The pressure built in her, as before. More and more. Faster and faster. She thrust herself against his mouth, her breasts bouncing, and all the while she could see the glazed look on the smiling man's face, watching her, wanting her.

Dick uttered, “Please,” through the vee of her thighs, the word sending pleasure and pain and need crashing through her.

Leaving her legs straddling him, she moved down his body, flicked and teased with her tongue, and then took his entire length deep into her throat, just as the Duchess had when she branded him with the bright red lipstick.

“Oh, Alice, you are the best!”

“Seconded!” Cheshire yelled, grunting along with them.

Then Alice climaxed as Dick flexed and moaned and another taste filled her mouth, salt joining the pepper.

Alice managed to swallow all of it, more out of courtesy than anything else, and realized she didn't mind at all. In fact, it was something she'd be happy to try again.

The experience seemed to completely exhaust Dick, who dropped to his knees with a dazed expression on his face. He managed to sort-of look at Alice, though his ability to focus seemed compromised.

“Best. Ever,” he said.

Alice wanted to tell him how sweet that was to say, and how good it had been for her as well, but Dick was already curling up on the floor with his eyes closed.

What was it with men and wanting to sleep afterward? Alice felt energized. Alive, vibrant, ready to take on the whole world.

“Agreed,” said Cheshire from the shadows. “That was tremendous, Alice. Thank you for a wonderful show.”

Alice peered into the dark corner. “I don’t understand, sir. You were touching yourself.”

“Yes,” Cheshire said. “That’s what I do.”

“So how could any one time be better than any other time if it is always you doing the touching?”

Cheshire chuckled. “I never thought of it that way. Consider this, dear Alice. Sex is only partly about friction and bodily fluids. The majority of it takes place in the mind. The body responds to what the mind desires. When we see something arousing, or read something arousing, our bodies respond because we can imagine ourselves in that situation. Watching you turned me on, because I saw what you did to Dick, and wanted to be him. I fantasized it was me, and my climax was very nice as a result.”

“Wouldn’t it be better to experience the real thing?” Alice asked.

“Fantasy is real, Alice. The outcome would be the same whether it was by my own hand, or your lovely mouth. Or any of your other lovely parts.”

Alice touched one of those parts, which moments ago had been pressed against Dick’s face. While that had been delightful, Alice wouldn’t have minded if Dick had entered her as well. Alice was satisfied, but had discovered her body’s capacity to accept more pleasure than she’d ever thought possible.

“So, Cheshire,” Alice said delicately, “if I were to come over to you, perhaps we could—”

“A lovely offer, Alice. But I’m no longer a young man, and my refractory period is perhaps longer than you would feel obliged to wait. However, if you do come here, I would be pleased to bestow a gift upon you.”

Alice brightened. A gift may not be as nice as being vigorously penetrated, but it was a good consolation prize.

“I do hope it is some clothing,” Alice said. “I so need something more to

wear than these boots.”

“Indeed it is, Alice. Though I must say, those boots make your legs and bottom look extraordinary.”

Alice hurriedly walked over to the corner of the room, her heels clicking rhythmically.

“Mind your step,” Cheshire warned. “I have been here a while, and the floor is slippery.”

She traversed a minefield of spent tissues and slick stains, and then reached Cheshire, who was naked, flaccid, and standing next to the largest bottle of hand cream Alice had ever seen. It had to contain several liters.

Cheshire caught her staring and said, “I buy in bulk. When one masturbates as much as I, chaffing can become life-threatening.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Sorry? No need. See?”

Cheshire offered his hand. Alice took it lightly.

“My!” she exclaimed. “You have the softest hands I’ve ever known!”

“And look at my grip,” Cheshire said. He dug his hand into a nearby box of walnuts and cracked them using only his fingers. “Care for one?”

Alice was actually a bit hungry, so she picked out the nut meat from the shells and ate them.

They tasted like hand cream.

“Anyway, here is the gift I promised you,” Cheshire said, holding up what appeared to be a black pair of panties.

“Underwear!” Alice squealed, snatching the gift. But when she examined them more closely, they were unlike any underwear she had ever seen.

“It’s a garter belt,” Cheshire said.

“What is it for?”

“For holding up stockings, of course. They are terribly sexy, and a personal favorite of mine.”

“But I’m not wearing any stockings,” Alice said.

“I just gave you a garter belt, and now you demand stockings from me as well?”

Alice shook her head, flustered. “No, I—”

“Kidding,” Cheshire said, grinning his wide grin. “I also have some of those for you.” He squatted down next to Alice’s boots. “May I?”

Alice nodded, figuring it was impolite to say no, and Cheshire removed her left boot. He then took her foot in his hands, kissed it, and for some reason, sniffed it deeply.

“Have you ever had your toes licked?”

“No! Why would anyone want to do that?”

“Certainly you would never form an opinion about something without trying it first?”

Alice thought it over. “I suppose I wouldn’t.” At least, not anymore.

“You should consider it at some point. You have lovely feet.”

Cheshire reached behind him and produced a black stocking. He helped Alice into it, and then its twin, and showed her how to hold them up with the clips on the garter belt.

“These are very odd stockings,” Alice said. “They aren’t warm at all.”

“Fishnet stockings aren’t meant to be warm. Fishnet stockings are meant to make the wearer feel sexy, and to arouse all that see her.”

Alice remained dubious. She put her boots back on and studied the look, unsure if she liked it or not.

Cheshire apparently did. He was reaching for the hand cream pump and tugging on himself again, his eyes glued to Alice’s legs.

Alice thought it rude for him to waste his arousal on himself, when she was feeling so empty and in need of being filled. But he had just given her a present, so she didn’t say anything.

“Well, thank you, Cheshire.”

Cheshire nodded, his hand tugging himself even faster. It made Alice feel very self-conscious, and the shame of being watched was returning. He

seemed to be a nice enough fellow, but being on display like this was off-putting.

“I, um, have a question, Cheshire. I really do want to get back home, but I don’t know how.”

“Why? Aren’t you enjoying Wonderland?”

“I am, yes, but...”

“Have you tried clicking your ruby slippers together three times?”

“What?”

“Sorry, wrong book. Would you mind bending over for me?”

Alice hunched down. “I’m not really comfortable with that.”

“You were earlier. You were putting on quite a show.”

“Well, I don’t know what came over me. Normally I’m quite shy and reserved. This is really the first time I’ve ever been naked in front of anybody.”

“Not even in front of your boyfriend?”

Alice frowned. “I never have time to get naked in front of him. He’s... quick.”

“Sounds like a turtle I know.”

“A quick turtle? That’s ridiculous.”

“Would you squeeze your nipples for me while slowly rolling your tongue across your lips?”

The question made Alice *very* embarrassed. She slouched even further, putting a hand over her breasts.

“Try the Hatter and the Hare,” Cheshire said. “They might be able to help you get home.”

“Where might I find them?”

“Take the trail in the woods. But both are quite mad.”

“Who are they mad at?”

“Mad as in crazy, Alice. Wonderland is filled with crazies and cuckoos and nutjobs. It is quite your good fortune to run into someone as sane and

lucid as I am. Now, before you go, could you bend over for me and spread your cheeks apart while singing the theme from *Happy Days*?”

Alice nodded a hasty goodbye, then hurried to the front door and left the Duchess’s cabin, fleeing back into the woods, embarrassed and inappropriately aroused and hoping this Hatter and Hare could help her leave this strange, uncomfortable place.

Chapter 4

A Mad Tea-Party

Alice followed the path to its end, coming to what seemed to be someone's front yard. The strangest table Alice had ever seen was set out under a tree in front of a house. It was only the size of a leather loveseat, and one end crested then plunged down into a valley, like a rollercoaster, before rising again to a smaller peak. Three men were gathered tightly on one end, a nice-looking one wearing a top hat and suit, a rather bleary chap who slumped between them, fast asleep, and a third wearing a bunny costume. The two sat on either side of the sleeping man and used his back as a cushion, resting their elbows on him, talking over his head.

Embarrassed that she was totally naked but for her boots, garter belt, and stockings, Alice ducked behind a nearby bush.

"What are you doing?" the man with the bunny costume asked.

"I'm naked."

"Are you? That must be why I can see your bush."

Alice frowned at the greenery. "This isn't my bush."

"Then why are you in it?"

She wasn't sure if he was complaining about her trespassing or was worried about the bush, but he didn't seem to understand her point. "I'm naked, and I don't wish to be seen. So I'm hiding in this bush."

"I don't believe that you're naked. Let us see for ourselves."

Now this really didn't make sense to Alice, but very little did in this strange place. And since she left the Duchess's house, the hollow ache in her most private place had grown worse, demanding to be filled. So despite knowing it was naughty to do so, she stepped out from behind the bush, covering her vulnerable parts as best she could.

The two men who were awake stared, but it was the bunny who again spoke. "You're not naked. You're wearing boots."

"Boots aren't clothes."

"Maybe not," continued the bunny man, "but they make your legs and bottom look divine."

Alice stood there for a long while, and no one said a word. Aware of the afternoon sun glowing on the white curve of her breasts, and her nipples tightening to hard nubs under their gazes, she grew more and more uncomfortable. "May I sit?"

"There's no room," said the handsome man in the hat.

The statement was ridiculous, and it occurred to her he must have said it just to give her a hard time. But when she looked into his face, he had a kind and interested expression, and she recognized the gleam she had seen in Pilar's eyes, in Dick's eyes, and in Cheshire's.

He looked as if he wanted to touch her. To kiss her. To do dreadful and delicious things.

Maybe they all were mad, as Cheshire had suggested. Maybe she was mad, too. Her deepest place felt terribly vacant, and she was even starting not to mind these men looking at her nakedness... at least a little.

"Are you sure there's no room? Not even if I sit very close?"

"How close?" the Hatter asked.

She slipped her bottom onto the ground beside the strange table.

"I'm sorry, that's not close enough. I'm afraid you will have to leave."

To Alice's surprise, she didn't want to leave. "But I can't sit any closer at this odd table."

“You think our table is odd?” said the bunny man.

“I don’t mean to offend you, but most tables are flat, so the cups and saucers don’t slide off.”

“Are they?”

“Yes.”

“Well, this isn’t most tables.” The man in the hat gave a harrumph. “It’s a sex chair. But that doesn’t change the fact that if you want to stay, you must sit closer.”

Alice didn’t believe there was any such thing as a sex chair, but she thought it might be rude to say so.

“Are you going to sit closer?” The Hatter asked, and he and the rabbit man stared at her, and there wasn’t a bit of rudeness in their eyes. In fact they even smiled. “Please?”

And at that, Alice felt *she* would be the rude one if she didn’t at least make an effort. So, with a feeling of supreme naughtiness trilling up her spine, she plopped one hip on the edge of the leather top of the curvy, slopey-slanty sex chair table, her nipples jutting only inches from their faces.

The men stared and time ticked by. Alice thought they might have fallen into some kind of trance.

“Are you okay?” she finally asked.

“We’re giddy,” said the Hare.

“Why wouldn’t we be?” echoed the Hatter. “A naked stranger is sitting at our table.”

“I wish all of our tea parties were this good,” the Hare said.

“Well, shouldn’t we do something?” Alice asked. “Other than just sit here?”

“What do you suggest?” the Hatter asked. His eyes glinted with wicked possibilities.

Alice wanted to say something exciting. Something outrageous. But,

once again, her embarrassment got in the way.

“May I have some tea?” she eventually asked.

“Tea?” The Hatter frowned, as if he’d never heard the word before.

“Yes, tea. Isn’t this a tea party?”

“No, we’re not really interested in politics.”

“I mean the kind of party where you serve tea. The beverage,” Alice clarified. “Or is this a costume party?”

“Why would you say that?” asked the man in the rabbit suit.

“Because you’re dressed as a bunny.”

“I’m the March Hare,” he said.

“And I’m the Hatter,” said the other, facts she’d already surmised based on what Cheshire had told her. “And this,” he pointed to the sleeping man, “is Dorian. Dorian Maus.”

The man gave a snore, as if in hello.

“Dor Maus for short,” the Hatter said. “Even though the work we’re parodying is in the public domain, it should be noted that parody is protected under the First Amendment as part of free speech, just in case.”

Cheshire has said they were mad, and he was spot-on.

“My name is Alice.” She looked at the March Hare. “And I’d like to know why you’re wearing a costume.”

“Because I’m a hare, Alice,” he said to her breasts.

“But you’re not. You’re a man. You’re just dressed as a hare.”

The Hare stuck out his chest and proudly began to recite:

The rabbit has a charming face,

Its private life is a disgrace.

I really dare not name to you

The awful things that rabbits do.

“You people are batty,” Alice said, meaning it.

“Not batty,” said the Hare. “I’m *harey*. Or, more technically, *furry*.”

“People who dress up as animals are called *furries*,” the Hatter whispered to her. “They believe they are the costumes they wear. It’s an odd kink, that’s true, but judging others is quiet dull and repressive.”

“I don’t mean to be dull, or to repress anyone, but he surely is a man,” Alice insisted. “Those rabbit ears are attached with a headband.”

“I am a rabbit,” the Hare said, “who also happens to wear a rabbit costume.”

“No you’re not.”

“Can you prove I’m a man?” the Hare asked.

“Yes, I can, if you’ll take off your costume.”

So he took off the lower part of his costume, revealing he was naked underneath. Naked, and very aroused. Not quite as big as Pilar, but the Hare’s manhood curved upward in a way that Alice found quite erotic.

“Do you wish to touch it?” the Hare asked.

Alice did, but again shyness prevented her reply.

“I would so like it if you did,” the Hare said. “And stroking a rabbit’s foot is lucky.”

“But that’s not a foot!” Alice insisted.

“True, I’m only seven inches,” said the Hare. “But doesn’t it have a nice, upward arc to it?”

Alice agreed. “Yes, it does.”

“So touch it.”

“Well, I don’t want to be rude.” Alice reached out and ran a finger up the underside of the arch. “See?” she said, feeling him twitch under her fingertips. “You are a man.”

“No,” said the Hare, “I’m a well-endowed rabbit. The Hatter is a man.” And he pointed to the Hatter who had peeled off his pants and shirt and was wearing a different hat, a rakish fedora this time.

But Alice didn’t care about his hat. She was focused on the hair that sprinkled his chest and trailed in a line as if pointing down to the thick staff

jutting between muscular thighs. Something quivered deep within her.

The Hatter smiled. With one swoop of a powerful arm, he cleared the few cups that had managed not to already have slid off the odd table and pushed the sleeping Dor Maus onto the ground as well.

“Now lean forward, put your hands on the table, and spread your legs wide,” he said.

Alice wasn't sure how to respond to that. She knew boldness was within her, as Pilar, the Duchess, and Dick had coaxed her into try things she otherwise never would have. But Alice still lacked the confidence needed to be so daring.

“I... I can't. I wish I were a little bolder.”

“What for?” the Hatter asked. “Being a small rock wouldn't be much fun.”

“Unless you were a rock star, perhaps,” added the Hare.

“What? Oh. Not boulder with a *u*. Bolder, as in without fear.”

“We knew that,” the Hatter said. “We were making a stupid pun.”

“Which we must apologize for,” said the Hare. “They weren't funny when that hack Carroll did it back in 1865, and they certainly have no place in an ebook of mommy porn.”

“What are you both talking about?” Alice asked.

“*Mommy porn* is a crude label applied to erotica read by discerning, intelligent women who seek something more adventurous in their reading choices,” the Hare said.

“What?” Alice said.

“Perhaps you should Google the word *metafiction*,” the Hare suggested.

“What does any of this have to do with wanting to be bold?” Alice demanded, thoroughly confused.

“We all feel fear, Alice,” the Hatter told her, resting a kind hand on her shoulder. “Being bold is a chance to show that you control your fear, and won't let your fear control you.”

“So lean forward and spread your legs wide,” said the Hare.

Alice bit her lower lip, her heart beating twice as fast as normal. She knew they were right. Both about the stupid puns, and the fear. So, summoning up some reserve of courage Alice didn't know she had, she decided to comply.

Standing at the lower end of the curvy contraption, she leaned forward on her hands, her bottom tilted in the air, her breasts slung forward, nipples nearly brushing the leather cover.

“So, what next?” Alice asked.

“Now we play a game,” the Hatter said.

“What are the rules?” she asked, since everyone knew all games had rules.

“There's only one rule,” said the Hatter. “To enjoy yourself. Because after all, that's what games are about.”

“So why do I have to stand in this position?” Alice didn't want to be disagreeable, but if they wanted to play the type of game Alice thought they did, there were other, more conventional positions to do it in.

The Hatter winked and stroked himself. “You'll see. And it will be fun.”

He lay down on the chair with his face beneath her mounds, his legs on either side, and his thick shank thrust straight up to the sky, purple and corded with veins and hair curling around its base. “Do you like to have fun, Alice?” he asked.

And Alice thought about Pilar and how full she'd been when he shoved himself inside her, and how empty and hollow her special place had felt when she'd left the Duchess's rainbow party.

“Yes, I like to have fun,” said Alice, and a shiver of anticipation prickled her skin.

The Hatter smiled up at her, her nipples directly under his mouth.

“Your tits truly are magnificent, Alice,” he said and teased the tight, throbbing nubbins with his tongue, then sucked and nibbled until she

thought she might scream from the building sensations.

“Do you like this game, Alice?” asked the Hare.

“I do so far,” she said with a puff of breath.

“Good. Then it’s my turn.”

The Hare circled behind her bottom and peered between her legs. For a moment she thought he would lick her. She wanted him to lick her. But he didn’t. He merely stared.

“Your womanhood truly is beautiful, Alice.”

Warmth flushed through her, and she felt utterly exposed. “But I don’t even have any hair down there.”

“You will in a moment,” the March Hare said. Then he stepped behind, grabbed her hips, positioned himself at her opening, and thrust his curved shaft deep inside.

Her body clutched around him. She lurched forward and just then, the Hatter sucked her right nipple hard into this mouth, and she cried out.

Alice’s muscles contracted and spasmed, like they were being pulled by rubber bands, and she thought her legs would collapse like a telescope. But the Hare circled his arm beneath her belly and cradled her to him, all the time driving into her and making her clench deep down with unspeakable pleasure.

She could feel something more, a force swinging and slapping against the sensitive bump between her legs, and realized it was the rest of the Hare’s man parts—his *balls*, as Dick had called them—and the rhythmic *slap, slap, slap* sent another spasm arching through her.

This was, indeed, a better position, and a better game, than she ever could have imagined.

“I have another game to play, Alice,” said the Hatter, the low timbre of his voice vibrating between her breasts. He scooted his body further beneath her until she could feel the stubble on his chin prickle against her most tender place and he started licking in time with the March Hare’s

thrusts. The Hatter's thick, purple staff, like one of Pilar's mushrooms, rested against her nose. On its tip, a tiny drop of moisture glistened like dew.

"Would you like permission to take my cock in your mouth?" the Hatter asked.

Alice blushed at his use of the word. But she managed to say, "Yes."

"Yes, what?"

Alice was finding it difficult to concentrate, between the nipple licking and the Hare pumping into her from behind.

"Yes, I'd like permission..."

"To?"

"To take your..."

"My what?"

Alice stared down at it, so big and inviting. The word was so naughty, so vulgar, but she wanted it badly.

"I'd like permission to take your... your... *cock* in my mouth."

"Permission granted."

Sighing with relief, Alice placed a hand around the thick base and licked it up with the tip of her tongue.

The Hatter tasted different from the stripper, different from Pilar. Salty, yes, but with a certain sweet note that made her want to lap at him endlessly. It never occurred to her that men would taste different. Before she came here, she hadn't wanted to taste them at all.

But now?

Now she'd probably wonder what every single man she saw walking down the street tasted like—not that she'd try to find out, of course not, girls like her didn't do such things—but thinking about what Lewis might taste like turned her on even more.

She cupped her lips around the Hatter's thickness and slid down to his root. She could feel a groan work through his body from his loins through

his belly, into his chest, and finally tickling her as he slathered her breasts with lips and tongue.

And from behind, the Hare kept going and going and going, as if his batteries would never wear out.

Alice felt the climax growing inside her, building like a tidal wave, and then, quite amazingly, the pleasure tripled when something touched her most sensitive spot. With the Hatter still in her mouth, she looked down between her legs and saw he had reached up his hands into her cleft, flicking her grateful clitoris as the Hare continued to plunge in and out.

The sensations overpowered poor Alice, and she began to scream around the Hatter's manhood. It went on and on and on until she simply couldn't stand up anymore, and she fell down onto her knees with both men slipping out of her simultaneously.

"Are you okay, Alice?" the Hare said, his face awash with concern.

"I'm... fabulous," she said, smiling wide.

"Then let's try a new game," said the Hatter, and he spun around on the sex chair and leaned against the steeper rise. "Sit on my lap, Alice."

The Hare helped Alice to her feet, and she stared down at the Hatter's member, which thrust up from his lap and seemed to be growing thicker and longer by the second. "Where would I put my bottom? There seems to be no room."

The Hatter winked. "Have you ever wondered what it feels like to be so totally full that you thought you might burst?"

"You mean like when I go out to dinner and eat too much when I should have taken the leftovers to go?"

"No, that's not exactly what I mean."

"Then what do you mean?" She couldn't look away from his long rod, it was if she had fallen into a trance herself.

"I mean what if you sat in my lap? And I filled up your bottom?"

He couldn't mean what he was saying. "Filled it up with what?"

“With my cock.” And to illustrate, he took hold of it and began to stroke. Next to her, the March Hare did the same with his charming curved shaft. And as much as she liked these two men, and as much fun as she was having with their game, and as much as she wanted to be bold, Alice gave her head a shake. “I think that would hurt.”

“Have we hurt you so far?” asked the March Hare.

“No, but I think the Hatter will be too big.”

“How about me?” The March Hare angled his hips to thrust his length in the air.

Alice shook her head. “No, I’m afraid that even though it’s curved in that charming way, yours is too big, too.”

The Hatter climbed off the sofa or table or sex chair or whatever it was and nudged the sleeping Dor Maus with his toe. “Wake up, Maus, and take off your clothes.”

And as absurd as the order was, the man woke and disrobed as if it was the most natural thing in the world, then he stared at her bare breasts and glistening nipples with wide and hungry eyes.

And even though she’d just had the Hare inside her and the Hatter deep in her mouth, Alice still felt ashamed she was naked in front of this new man.

“How about him?” The Hatter reached down and tugged at the man’s privates. “Is he a more comfortable size?”

And Alice examined Maus. Five inches if he was lucky, the man’s member was chiseled like a sculpture, and was possibly the most attractive one she’d yet seen. And before Alice quite knew what she was doing, she nodded, and Maus was taking the Hatter’s place on the sex chair and pulling something that glistened on his perfectly formed part.

“Sit on his lap, Alice,” the Hatter crooned.

“Sit on his...?”

“Yes.”

“With his...?”

“Yes.”

“In my...?”

“Yes.”

“But, isn’t it...” Alice blushed something terrible and whispered, “dirty?”

“Dirty?” Maus bristled. “I just took a shower this morning.”

“I meant, my...”

“Your bottom?” the Hatter asked.

“Yes.” Alice hung her head in shame.

“Well,” the Hatter said. “Only one way to find out.”

Suddenly he, the Hare, and Maus were on their knees behind Alice, as the Hatter, now wearing a light band on his head like a medical doctor, spread her cheeks apart.

“My!” Alice yelped.

“Looks very clean to me,” the Hatter said.

And then Alice felt something warm and wet where she’d never felt anything warm and wet before. She almost fell over again.

“Tastes fine, too,” the Hare said.

“You’re going to have your body your whole life, Alice,” the Hatter said. “There are no parts you should be ashamed of. And certainly no parts that are dirty.” He smiled and gave her a devilish wink. “Unless, of course, you *like it dirty*.”

Alice wasn’t sure what to say, what to. No one had ever licked her there before. And no one ever wanted to put anything in there, either.

But Alice thought about all the other new things she’d tried that day, things she never could have imagined, and she’d liked them all. And although she knew she probably shouldn’t, that no decent girl did things like this, Alice decided to take a chance and be bold.

“Okay,” she said. And a millisecond after the words left her lips, Maus was back on the sex chair and the Hatter and the Hare had whisked Alice

off of her feet and begun to lower her, legs parted, onto him.

Alice could feel his tip probe at her bottom, and she started to have second thoughts. “I can’t—”

“Just relax and let me glide inside,” said Maus, his voice gentle and soothing as a gentle rain. “I’m using a lubricated prophylactic. If this hurts too much, let me know, and I’ll stop.”

“How shall I let you know?” Alice asked.

“A phone call?” the Hatter suggested.

“Semaphore?” added the Hare.

“Do you have semaphore flags, Alice?” asked Maus.

“I meant,” Alice said, “if I’m screaming, you might well think I’m enjoying myself and won’t stop. Can we use a safeword?”

“Very well, a safeword,” said the Hatter. “And our safeword today is *cock*.”

Alice flushed at the thought of saying that word. “That’s so vulgar.”

“But sometimes vulgar is exciting, isn’t it?”

Alice didn’t reply, but she hoped she wouldn’t have to use the safeword. This game was embarrassing enough.

“Now relax and I’ll enter you very slowly,” said Dor (she figured she should call him by his first name, since he was about to enter her bottom), and he slid between her cheeks.

Alice relaxed, and little by little, he inched inside. And she could feel herself stretching, but there was no pain, at least none but the pleasant kind. She was worried he’d be revolted, but the sounds he made were of the happy variety, sighing and moaning.

Then Dor started moving, slowly, tenderly, and she stared up at the tree bows overhead and lay on her back on top of him, and actually had to admit this strange fullness felt deliciously good.

The Hatter slung a leg over the chair as if he was climbing aboard a motorcycle, and on his head now was indeed, the type of leather cap Alice

had seen bikers wear. And he snuggled up against her and his huge shaft pushed into her other opening.

If Alice had thought she felt full before, she was mistaken. For a second, she thought it was too much, that she couldn't take it. The Hatter was so big, and Dor already occupied her bottom. But then the Hatter eased deeper and deeper and her juices flowed and her body relaxed and then the two of them started rocking in time, Dor behind and the Hatter in front.

"Oh," Alice said. "Oh, my."

She could feel both men inside her, as if they shared the same space. Her whole lower area was glowing with sensations, and the sensations were building upon each other, getting more intense with every stroke.

"This..." Alice said. "This is..."

"It's what?" the Hare asked.

"Oh my."

Then the Hatter reached up, his fingers finding her nipples, and Alice let out a sharp cry that scared all of the jays off the dead birch tree in the yard.

"How about me?" said the Hare. "Is there a game I can play?"

Alice nodded, reaching for him, her hands shaking.

"What are the rules?"

Alice was unable to articulate anything. She was too lost in pleasure. She looked at the Hatter, thrusting into her, and pleaded for him to help. He brought his fingers against her right above where he'd entered and he played and stroked until she screamed out again, scaring a family of squirrels out of their nest, where they dropped to the ground and bounced like furry brown balls.

When she'd recovered enough to think, Alice peered up at the Hare. With her bottom claimed by Dor, and her womanhood overflowing with the Hatter, there was obviously only one game left to play. She opened her mouth wide, trying to get him to understand.

"You want to play dentist?" the Hare said. "I'm to examine your teeth?"

The rhythm continued. Back and forth and back and forth until Alice felt she was going to lose her mind.

“My... my... my rules,” Alice said, struggling mightily to get the words out. “You have to... put it... in my mouth.”

“It?” he said.

“Your...”

“My?”

The Hatter did something with his fingers again, and Alice screamed so loud the dog ran and hid under the porch.

“Your... man part.”

“Which part?” He frowned, still not following.

“Your...” she ogled his sweet, curved shaft, hoping he’d follow her meaning.

“I don’t understand,” he said.

The Hatter’s thrust and Dor’s parry grew faster, and Alice could feel another orgasm roaring up fast as a freight train.

“Your cock! Your cock!” she cried.

And the other two stopped.

“Please, keep going,” Alice begged frantically, bucking against them and sending her breasts bouncing.

“That was the safeword,” said the Hatter.

Of course it was, and she’d forgotten. But she didn’t want to be safe now. She wanted to be totally filled by all three men. She wanted them to send her over the edge and then go over along with her. “I’m... I’m being bold and changing the rules,” she gasped. “Can I do that?”

“You can do anything you want,” said the Hatter. “All you have to do is figure out what it is.”

Alice didn’t have to think about that, not right now, which was probably good, because she was beyond thinking. “I want three cocks inside me right now.”

“But wait,” said the Hare.

Alice stared at him. “*Wait?*”

“What’s a tea party without tea bagging?”

She was almost frantic, wanting him in her, needing him. “Why are you talking about tea bags? I want your cock in my mouth.”

“I’ll show you.” He took hold of his manhood and lifted it, then he straddled her hear and lowered his other parts—his balls—down to her lips.

Immediately understanding his odd request, Alice opened her mouth and took them inside. And although she still didn’t see what this had to do with making tea, she sucked and she rolled until he tensed up with a groan. Then he plunged his cock between her lips as the other two rocked her, and an orgasm crashed through Alice so fierce she was sure she’d become as mad as they were. It was followed by another, and another.

“I’m coming,” cried Dor.

“Almost there,” moaned the Hatter.

Alice sucked the Hare harder, hoping to make him climax at the same time. And then Dor cried out, his hips spasming, and the Hatter bellowed deep, pressing his cheek into Alice’s chest and holding her tight as he shuddered, and the Hare’s hot essence shot into her mouth and dribbled down her chin, and Alice literally exploded with pleasure.

Okay... Alice didn’t really *literally* explode. But it was pretty damn epic.

Their energies spent, the Hatter helped her up off the sex chair.

“I have to buy one of those,” Alice said, blowing out a huge breath and eyeing the chair.

“Amazon.com,” said the Hare. “They sell everything, and have the best prices.”

Dor began to snore.

“Does he always sleep so much?” Alice asked. She felt lovely and content and a little sore, and just about ready to curl up and go to sleep right beside him.

“He can’t sleep for long. He’s invited to play croquet with the Queen.”

“Were you two invited?” Alice asked, looking from the Hatter to the Hare.

“Of course we were,” said the Hare. “Weren’t you?”

“She must be,” said the Hatter. “Why wouldn’t a beautiful and sexy woman like Alice not get an invitation?”

And although Alice was embarrassed, she had to shake her head. “I have no invitation.”

The Hatter frowned. “Are you sure? Maybe you should look inside you.”

Alice frowned. “What do you mean? Search my soul and see if I deserve to go?”

“No,” the Hatter said, pointing to her nether-regions. “I mean *inside* you.”

Alice stared down between her hairless legs. “There’s a croquet invitation in *there*?”

“Check and see.”

Alice reached a hand down there, then hesitated. She *never* touched that part of her. And had certainly never reached inside. Squeezing her eyes shut, hating every moment, she put a single finger in and moved it around.

“There’s nothing,” she lamented.

“Go deeper.”

Alice did.

“Deeper.”

“There’s nothing,” she yelled, pulling out her hand in anger and humiliation.

“Of course there is nothing,” the Hatter said. “Who ever heard of such a ridiculous thing?”

“So why did you make me do it?” Alice demanded.

“Because it was really hot,” he answered.

The Hare nodded in agreement.

The Duchess was right. Men were pigs.

“Well, I have to get dressed,” the Hatter said. “I can’t play croquet like this. It would cause a scandal.”

The Hare nodded. “And sunburn.”

And as they dressed, the Hatter in his suit and the Hare in his costume, Alice again felt self-conscious about her nudity. “What about me? I have no clothes.”

“You have boots,” the Hatter said, studying her, and if she wasn’t mistaken, his manhood started to grow again. “And they make your legs and bottom look stupendous.”

“I have something for you to wear,” said the March Hare. And he reached into the discarded furry pants of his costume and pulled out a leather bra. “Put this on.”

Grateful to finally have something that covered her breasts, Alice slipped the bra on. But though the leather contraption fit her perfectly, it was like no bra she’d ever worn before. Made of leather straps and silver buckles, the apparatus surrounded each of her breasts, hefting them high. But it left most of her fleshy mounds totally bare, her nipples protruding luridly in front of her.

“I can’t wear this,” she said.

The Hare made a face. “Of course you can. Look in the mirror. You’re wearing it right now.

“But it doesn’t even cover my nipples.”

“Your nipples are delicious, Alice,” said the Hatter. “Why ever would you cover them? They should be seen and tasted and suckled by the world. But...”

“But what?”

“You’re right. The look isn’t quite complete.” And so he took off his leather motorcycle cap and plopped it on her head. “There, that’s perfect. We’ll see you there. Just walk through that hedge.”

“Don’t be late,” added the Hare, and the two of them walked away to the house and left her.

Alice looked down at sleeping Dorian Maus, then shrugged. It had been the loveliest tea party she’d ever attended, but now that it was over, what was there to do but continue on her way?

Chapter 5

The Queen's Croquet-Ground

Alice wasn't sure what croquet was, because she lived in modern day America and not nineteenth century England. She had never seen croquet on YouTube (though one of her favorites was that adorable little baby panda sneezing), and the sad fact is that most teenagers are, by their nature, rather dense, and Alice was no exception. She thought it may have something to do with knitting, recalling that she once received a terrible birthday gift from one of her elderly aunts, who had croqueted a sweater.

But she had never met a queen before (other than a rather flamboyant boy in her science class who painted his nails pink and called everyone *girlfriend*) so Alice was both excited by the prospect and a little nervous. If anyone knew how Alice could get back home, it was probably a queen.

She walked through the hedge, as instructed, and it lead to a clearing with a green, lush, carefully maintained lawn hemmed in by bushes trimmed in the shape of playing cards. Her spiky heels dug into the sod, making walking awkward, but anyone watching would have agreed that her legs and bottom looked awesome. However, no one was watching, which suited Alice fine. Even though she'd been naked for what felt like forever, she still hadn't gotten used to it, and every time she met someone new it was embarrassment and humiliation all over again. Alice once heard it said that more people were afraid of speaking in public than dying. She understood

completely. But there was one thing worse than public speaking; public speaking while all of your private parts were showing.

Sounds of conversation and laughter broke through the bushes, and Alice followed them until she reached a crowd of people. Considering all the weirdoes she'd recently met, these people were dressed more or less normally. Alice had heard it called business casual. No ties or suits, but the men wore pleated pants and long sleeved shirts, and the women wore fashionable skirts and tops. It made the ridiculous outfit Alice was wearing even more outrageous.

She hobbled up to the group, which seemed to be circled around four people hitting colored balls across the lawn with large, wooden mallets.

So that's croquet, Alice thought. How ridiculous. Haven't these people heard of PlayStation?

Three of the players were men, but one was a woman. She was tall, in a red dress that clung to her every curve, and she wore red boots that had heels just like Alice's. Her hair was deep red, pulled back in a severe bun, and her bright red lips formed a heart when she pouted, which at the moment she was doing. Alice immediately knew this must be the queen. The woman radiated power, and authority in a way Alice had never known, and everyone buzzed and flocked around her as if she was the center of the universe, some people looking timid and frightened, some looking infatuated.

Also, she wore a gold crown, which kind of made it obvious.

"Has anyone seen where my red ball went?" the Queen demanded, hands on her hips.

There was shrugging from the three men she played with, and intense murmurs from the crowd of a dozen.

"If that ball isn't found immediately," the Queen said, "you shall all be publicly paddled!"

Alice couldn't think of anything worse than that, and apparently

everyone agreed, because the next few seconds were a frenzy of frantic searching, everyone climbing all over one another to find the Queen's ball. Alice was pushed, bumped, and shoved, and she wound up flung into a hedge and on all fours. And there, under the hedge, was the red croquet ball.

Alice snatched it and stood, holding it triumphantly over her head.

"I found it! I found it, Your Majesty!"

All at once the crowd went silent and still. They parted, forming a circle around Alice and staring intently as the Queen approached. Alice inwardly shrank, placing an arm across her bare nipples, lowering the hand with the ball to shield her naked loins. A blush crept up her cheeks, getting worse as the crowd began to whisper and point at her.

"And who are you?" the Queen said, her voice loud and mean.

"I'm Alice. I found your ball."

Alice held it out, meekly. The Queen slapped it away, and it went rolling under another hedge.

"You shall not speak unless spoken to," the Queen said.

"But you just spoke to me."

"Silence!" the Queen ordered, pointing a finger at Alice's face. The Queen's nails were glossy and red. "This croquet party is private and can only be attended if you have an invitation. Do you have an invitation, Alice?"

Alice wasn't sure whether or not to answer. She didn't like being yelled at. It added to the humiliation of being naked in public. She wished, more than anything, to just disappear.

"You refuse to answer?" the Queen asked. "So be it. Guards! Off with her clothes!"

One of the men in the Queen's croquet game, a man in khakis and a polo shirt, approached Alice and grabbed her arm. "My Queen," he said, "she doesn't seem to be wearing much in the way of clothes."

“Is that so?” the Queen asked.

“Just a hat, boots, a garter belt, stockings, and a demi bra, Your Majesty.”

“So it seems. Tell me, why are you dressed that way, slut?!”

Alice was shocked by the vulgarity. “I’m not a slut!”

“You are certainly dressed like one,” the Queen said.

“But these are the only clothes I have!”

“The only clothes you have? If those are your only clothes, then you must be a slut!”

“But I’m not!”

“Seize the slut!”

The next thing Alice knew, guards were holding both of her arms, stretching her out so she could no longer cover her body. The Queen approached, then spent a moment looking Alice up and down. Her gaze felt like a laser, burning Alice’s skin wherever it focused.

“Everyone, look at Alice’s bare breasts,” the Queen said.

The crowd came in for a closer look. Alice struggled, but was held firm, exposed to all.

The Queen reached out, pinching both nipples. “See how her nipples are erect?” the Queen said. “Who but a slut would have erect nipples at a croquet game?”

More murmurs, many people agreeing. “Yes, she does.” “Those nipples are certainly hard.” “Only sluts get horny playing croquet.”

“But you just pinched them!” Alice said.

“And look at these boots!” the Queen said. “Thigh-high leather with spiked heels! Who but a slut would wear spike heeled boots to a croquet game?”

Again the crowd mumbled in agreement.

“But you’re wearing spike heeled boots!” Alice cried.

“Mine are red,” said the Queen.

“What is the difference?” Alice said.

“More proof!” triumphed the Queen. “Who but an oversexed slut couldn’t tell the difference between black and red?”

“I swear, I’m not a slut!” Alice declared.

“Oh, really?” the Queen asked, smiling. She glanced down, below Alice’s belly. “You have no hair down there. Who else but a slut shaves off all of her hair?”

“That wasn’t me!”

“Of course it is you. I’m looking right at it.”

The Queen ran her hand down Alice’s belly, between her legs.

“So smooth,” the Queen said, gently working a finger inside of Alice.

Alice’s lower lip quivered. “Please don’t.”

But the Queen didn’t stop. And even after all of the days’ erotic encounters, Alice felt herself responding.

“Everyone!” the Queen said, “look how wet this little slut is.”

The crowd got even closer. Alice wanted to die. Her face burned bright red, her ears felt aflame, but the Queen’s fingers were expert in how they coaxed pleasure out of her. Her Majesty seemed to know exactly where to stroke, and how long and hard. Alice was helpless to control her body, which began to gyrate to match the Queen’s fondling.

“Feel her nipples,” the Queen ordered the crowd. “She how hard they are.”

A procession line formed, one stranger after another lining up to tweak and stroke Alice’s tortured breasts.

“And how wet this slut is!” the Queen declared. “Touch her and see!”

The guards lifted her up, spreading her legs apart. Alice watched, horrified, as hand after hand began to caress her most sensitive parts. Some began to take pictures. Some tasted her with their tongues. Men and women. It was the most embarrassing, humiliating moment in Alice’s whole life, but no matter how hard she tried, she couldn’t stop her hips from moving.

“Such a greedy little slut.”

“She’s so wet.”

“Look how badly she wants it.”

“Feel how tight she is.”

“Shaved and spread open for all to see.”

“She should be ashamed.”

“Do you hear how she moans when I touch her like this.”

As the never-ending line continued, Alice felt herself getting closer and closer to the point of release. She tried to stop it. Nothing in the world could be worse than having an orgasm while all of these people watched. But even though she shut her eyes and tried to think other thoughts, Alice’s body kept responding to the groping, the teasing, the licking. And though she didn’t want to admit it, the comments and the eyes on her were making it more intense. Somehow embarrassment magnified the pleasure, making it impossible for Alice to calm herself down. It was unbearable, and Alice knew if she did come, it would destroy her.

Then someone began to kiss her mouth. Someone with soft, full lips and a clever tongue. Alice opened her eyes and saw it was the Queen.

“There is nothing wrong with being a slut,” the Queen said, smiling. “But you should own it. Let it empower you. Sexuality should be enjoyed, not repressed. And no good can come from pretending you’re something that you’re not.”

“But I swear, Your Majesty!” Alice said, her voice getting higher and louder because she was so close to the edge. Someone worked fingers inside her while another licked her most sensitive spot, right where her lips met. Both nipples had wet, hungry mouths on them, kissing and nibbling. There was even a finger in her bottom or maybe it was something more, she couldn’t quite tell. The sensations, coupled with the taunts and stares and pictures being snapped, were overwhelming Alice until she was afraid she’d start screaming and never stop.

“You really believe you aren’t a slut?” the Queen asked.

“Yes!”

“Everybody halt!” the Queen ordered.

At once, the crowd stopped their groping of Alice, immediately backing away. The guards released her. Alice’s whole body quivered, and she was panting like she’d just run a mile. But even though she’d been very close to climaxing, Alice was grateful to be left alone. She knelt on the lawn, covering up her breasts, trying to stop shaking.

“For lying about being a slut,” the Queen declared, “Alice is sentenced to a public paddling!”

Alice’s relief turned to raw terror. “What? No! Please, no!”

Instantly, Alice was grabbed and dragged across the croquet ground and taken to a large open area where a strange sort of table awaited. Alice recognized it from Pilar’s Pink Room of Bunnies. The sight of it caused Alice’s throat to seize with fear.

A spanking table.

The table was made of wood, the top and the kneeling rest covered in padded, black leather. Alice was forced to her knees and bent over, her wrists fastened to the table’s legs with leather cuffs. Her legs were also spread and cuffed to the terrible device, and Alice felt both afraid and demeaned, especially as the onlookers began to *ooh* and *aah* at her. A moment later the Queen appeared before her.

She was holding a wooden paddle, similar to the kind used to play ping pong. It was heavily varnished, making it shine in the afternoon sun.

“So, slut, how many times shall I paddle your bare bottom?”

Alice couldn’t take her eyes off the paddle. To be spanked with that... in front of all these people... it was too much.

“Well?” the Queen demanded. “How many times?”

“None! Have mercy, Your Majesty!”

“Perhaps I shall. But you must show your queen obedience, Alice. Can

you do that?”

“Yes.” Alice was so frightened her whole body shook.

“Tell me how many times I should paddle you. If the number is too tiny, I shall multiply it by ten.”

Alice had no idea how to answer. She hadn’t been spanked since she was a child, and the experience terrified her. What did the Queen think was too tiny a number? Five? Ten?

“Twenty,” Alice said.

“Twenty,” the Queen cooed, rubbing her hand across Alice’s back. She cupped one of her buttocks and held the paddle up to Alice’s lips.

“Kiss the paddle, Alice.”

Alice couldn’t imagine anything more outrageous. Kissing the very implement that was about to cause her pain was intolerable. But then the Queen was flicking her fingers across Alice’s most sensitive parts, coaxing a moan from her, and Alice pursed her lips and kissed the wretched paddle.

“Now lick it, Alice.”

“Please, don’t make me.”

“Lick it and make me believe you like it, or your ordeal will get worse.”

Alice didn’t believe her ordeal could get any worse, but the Queen was using a flicking motion with her thumb, a movement so intense it felt like Pilar’s back massager. No longer trying to resist, Alice gave the paddle a long, slow, sexy lick, as she felt dozens of eyes burning into her. If that wasn’t bad enough, the action made Alice somehow lose control of her hips, and they began to buck involuntarily, pressing up against the Queen’s hand.

Alice was so embarrassed she wanted to die.

“Look! The slut licks the paddle!” the Queen declared.

The crowd gasped.

“And look how she moves her hips!”

More gasps, and some camera flashes. This was intolerable. Alice’s

whole body burned with a blush, but she still couldn't stop wiggling her bottom.

"Alice, I have sentenced you to be paddled for being a slut. The number you have chosen is twenty. Is that your final number?"

Alice wasn't sure how to answer. The Queen's fingers were making it impossible to think. Was this a chance to save herself from the number being multiplied by ten?

"Forty!" Alice squealed, praying it was high enough.

Another gasp from the onlookers.

"You heard her! Alice begs to be paddled more times!" the Queen said. "Who else but a slut would do that?"

And then the Queen's lovely fingers were withdrawn, and she walked behind Alice, continuing to pat and caress her buttocks, which the spanking table position high in the air for all to gape at. Then the Queen began to recite a poem, which made perfect sense given the situation.

*Twinkle twinkle little slut,
Now we'll spank you on your butt,
Everyone will stand and watch,
As you bare your hairless crotch.*

"What is with you people and your stupid rhymes?" Alice asked.

The Queen raise the paddle high, and Alice was infused with the same kind of adrenaline-fueled fear as when she was at the doctor's and about to be given a shot.

"Wait!" Alice pleaded. "Shouldn't I have a safeword?"

The Queen paused. "A safeword?"

Alice nodded frantically. "If things become too painful, I say the safeword and you stop."

"But my dear, a paddling is *supposed* to be painful."

"Please, Your Majesty! You must allow me a safeword. I beg you."

The Queen's brows furrowed, and she said, "Fine. Your safeword is *more*."

"Thank you, Your—"

A loud *crack!* thundered across the croquet area as the paddle landed on Alice's left buttock, cutting off her next word.

Surprisingly, it didn't hurt much. Pilar's spanking had carried more weight and force. But the surprise and suddenness of the blow made Alice cry out.

The second and third strikes came quickly, and now a definite heat had settled into her bottom. Strangely, it matched the heat between her legs, and by the fourth smack Alice realized with great astonishment that she wasn't minding it too much.

With five and six, the stinging began, but Alice was able to bear it.

At seven smacks on her left buttock, Alice really began to feel it. The Queen wasn't hitting her any harder than before, but each seemed to build upon the last. Though she wasn't able to tune out the gawking crowd around her, Alice had begun focusing on the lick of the paddle, the sensations it produced. She found herself anticipating the next blow, almost willing it to come.

But the Queen didn't swing. Instead, her hand moved between Alice's legs and began to stroke rapidly. Alice cried out, the pleasure from the caress and the sting from the paddle blending together until they seemed to be one and the same.

"Tell the crowd, Alice," the Queen purred. "Are you a dirty little slut?"

Alice shook her head. She could never say those words. They were too embarrassing, too vulgar. She would have been humiliated to say them to Lewis, whom she planned to marry some day. But to this group of strangers? Naked and bent over a spanking table? No way could she debase herself like that.

"Very well," the Queen said, and then began a flurry of paddle strokes, so

fast they sounded like applause. Alice's legs were tense, her muscles locked, and she set her jaw and tried to brace herself against the onslaught, but it came so fast that all she could do was cry out. Right when Alice was certain she couldn't bear another blow, the Queen switched buttocks, focusing on the right one and giving the burning left one a rest.

But all too soon, her right rump began to heat up and sting something mighty. Alice struggled against her bonds, trying to pull away from the paddle, but there was no escape.

"More!" Alice yelled, reaching the peak of her endurance. "I beg you!"

The Queen stopped, and Alice let out a long sigh of relief. The sigh became a moan as the Queen roughly jammed two fingers inside her, working them in and out.

"The slut begs for more," the Queen said, "even though she has completed her sentence!"

"No!" Alice cried. "Please don't."

"How many more would you like, slut?"

"No more, Your Majesty! Please! I beg you!"

"A thousand? I can form the crowd in a line, give them each a chance to paddle your splendid bottom."

"No! Don't! I... I..." Alice squeezed her eyes shut. "Five more!"

"The slut wants five more!" the Queen shouted.

The audience cheered.

"Count them, Alice. If you lose count, we shall start over."

Again the paddle struck Alice's tormented bottom, lighting it up as if she'd sat upon a stove.

"One," she said, fighting tears.

"Louder."

"One!"

The Queen returned her two fingers to Alice's honey hole, thrusting once and making Alice gasp. Then the fingers were removed and the paddle

came down again.

“Two!” Alice yelled.

The Queen’s fingers again entered Alice, this time pumping in and out twice. Then the paddle once more.

“Three!”

Three lovely strokes, and once again Alice’s bottom began to buck. When the paddle hit the fourth time, Alice moaned, and she couldn’t tell if it was from pain or pleasure.

“Four!”

The Queen’s delicious fingers penetrated Alice four times, using a downward angle that hit a spot Alice had never felt before. A spot inside her, just behind the clitoris, that was so sensitive it felt as if it was her clitoris being stroked. Through all of her adventures that day, no man had managed to hit that spot.

“That is your G-spot,” the Queen said, wiggling her fingers.

Alice screamed. She was very close to coming.

“No one knows how to please a woman like another woman,” the Queen said. “I know your body better than you do.”

Then the fingers were withdrawn and the paddle came down for the fifth time, and again Alice screamed, her bottom ablaze, her womanhood dripping wet, waiting desperately for the Queen’s fingers to return.

But they didn’t.

“Look how she wiggles and writhes!” said someone in the crowd.

“Such a little slut!”

“She loves the paddle!”

“Look how wet she is!”

“She’s about to come!”

Alice *was* about to come. She needed to, so badly. The taunts only made her desire worse.

“The sentence is complete!” the Queen roared. “Release the prisoner!”

The guards quickly unstrapped Alice's wrists and ankles, and all Alice could think was, *No! Please don't stop now! I want more!*

Alice fell to her knees, desperately wanting to beg for it, but her shame overwhelmed her need.

"Look at you," the Queen said. "Trembling and on the verge of a glorious orgasm. Now do you admit you are a slut?"

A hush fell over the crowd. Alice glanced at them, saw their judging stares, and her face turned bright red and she was forced to look away, toward the spanking table.

If I tell the Queen no, will she spank me again? Alice thought.

"No," she said, trying to look defiant. "You must spank me again, Your Majesty."

The Queen smiled. "No, Alice. That does not seem a fit punishment for you. If you won't admit what a dirty little slut you are, I have a different sentence for you."

Alice's mind reeled. At this point, anything the Queen did to her would be glorious.

"Tie me up and tease me?" Alice asked, shuddering at the memory.

"No."

"Force me to suck a man's member?" Alice's loins tingled at the thought. "As he licks me?"

"No."

"Force all the men here to make love to me?" Alice asked. The very idea was almost enough to cause her to swoon.

"No, Alice. Because you fail to embrace your inner slut, you are hereby sentenced to..."

Alice held her breath.

"Public masturbation!"

The crowd applauded.

Alice cringed. This was dreadful. Simply dreadful. Alice had never

masturbated before. And to do this in front of a crowd of people... there was no way.

"I can't," Alice said.

"You can. And you will. Stand up!"

Alice stood on shaky legs. She was still wildly turned on, but an orgasm was the furthest thing from her mind. She couldn't do something so personal, so private, in public. Especially since she didn't know how.

"Please, Your Majesty," Alice whispered. "Anything but this."

"Face the crowd," the Queen ordered.

Alice did, but her head hung in shame.

"Look at them, Alice. As you touch yourself, I want you to look at each man and woman in turn. If you break eye contact at all, I shall extend the sentence."

Alice's lower lip trembled, and she looked up and stared at a tall man with a mustache.

"Put your finger in your mouth and suck it, Alice," The Queen said.

Alice forced her index finger between her lips. She was so mortified her knees knocked together.

"Get it nice and wet, Alice."

Doing this, while the man stared, felt dirtier than anything Alice had done all day. She wanted to close her eyes, pretend she was somewhere else, but the Queen's threat loomed large in her mind.

"Pinch your nipples with your other hand," the Queen ordered.

Alice continued to suck her finger, and with her free hand lightly tugged at her left breast.

"Harder, Alice. Stroke them and tweak them, one after the other."

Alice did, a tiny shock of pleasure rippling down to her loins.

"Look at everyone in the crowd, not just one person. And moan while you play with your breasts."

Alice looked at a woman next, someone older with short, blond hair. She

moaned as the Queen told her, feeling like a bad actress reading for a part.

“Now tease yourself with your wet finger. Circle it around your clitoris, but don’t touch it.”

Alice trailed her hand down her breastbone, leaving a trail of saliva. She touched her public bone, just above her clitoris, and began to draw a circle around it.

“Slower,” the Queen said. “And don’t stop tugging those nipples.”

Alice slowed down, moving her eyes to the next person. A man. A very attractive man, with a broad chest and strong arms.

“Moan. And gyrate your hips.”

Alice let out a louder moan, and began to move against her wet finger. Having this cute guy watch her was the height of embarrassment, but at the same time Alice was having a hard time circling her clitoris without touching it.

“Now move your hand from your nipple and slide a finger inside yourself.”

Alice couldn’t do this looking at the handsome guy, so she turned her attention to the next person in the crowd and saw it was the Duchess. Like Alice, the Duchess was also touching herself, one hand fondling a generous breast, the other up under her skirt.

“Flick your clitoris like I did to you,” the Queen said.

Alice did, and this time her moan was sudden and very real.

“Move your other finger in an out.”

Alice obeyed, surprised at how intense the feeling was. She tore her eyes away from the Duchess and looked at the next man in the crowd. It was Cheshire, who, as could be expected, had whipped it out and was tugging mightily on the tip. Rather than be shocked this time, Alice felt some inner need to excite him. She began to move her hips faster, and her moaning became rhythmic, animal grunting.

“Now tell the crowd what a dirty little slut you are.”

“I’m...”

“Say it.”

Alice glanced at the next person, Pilar, who was giving her a happy thumbs up. She worked herself harder, the orgasm which had eluded her minutes ago now building up again.

“I’m... a...”

She looked at the next person and realized it was the Hatter, only this time he was wearing a fireman’s helmet and bunker pants, his hairy chest bare. He gave her a sly smile, then winked.

“A dirty little slut, Alice,” the Queen said. “Tell everyone.”

“I’m... a... oh... oh...”

The March Hare stood next to Hatter. He was wearing the top of his bunny costume, but not his bottoms. And speaking of bottoms, Maus was behind the Hare, and he seemed to be entering him the same way he’d entered Alice earlier. Alice had never seen two men doing such a thing before, and for some reason it made her even wetter.

“She gives amazing oral love!” a male voice yelled. Alice sought it out, and saw Dick, waving at her from the crowd. “You are so beautiful, Alice!”

Alice’s hands worked faster, knowing just which spots to touch. She flicked her index finger. She found her G-spot. The wave inside her was coming up fast, so fast, and in just a few more seconds she was going to—

“Halt!” the Queen ordered. A moment later she was on Alice, grasping her wrists.

Alice cried out, her hips still bucking, desperate to be touched again.

“You may not come until you admit what you are.”

“Please, Your Majesty.”

“Say it!”

Alice was sooooo close. She again stared at the crowd, many of whom were now masturbating. Alice tried to pull away from the Queen, but her grip was too strong. Then she tried to press against her, desperate for

release.

“SAY IT!”

“I’M A DIRTY LITTLE SLUT!” Alice bellowed. And upon saying the words, something within her snapped, and she began to orgasm without any stimulation at all. It doubled her over, making her whole body shake, and the Queen put her hand between Alice’s legs and Alice began to scream without any control at all, “I’M A SLUT! I’M A SLUT!” over and over until the pleasure became so unbearable she collapsed onto the lawn, the whole world spinning, her juices squirting out of her and drenching the Queen’s hand.

For a moment, it seemed as if time stopped. No one moved. No one spoke.

Then, incredibly, the entire crowd broke out in thunderous applause.

And Alice, for the very first time ever, wasn’t embarrassed anymore. In fact, she felt glorious.

“Take a bow,” the Queen said. “You were splendid.”

Alice bowed, and suddenly she was surrounded by people, patting her on the back and congratulating her.

“Good work,” Dor Maus said.

“I knew you had it in you,” Dick agreed.

“Look how far you’ve come,” said Pilar. “I’m so proud of you.”

The compliments seemed to go on and on, until the Queen yelled, “Enough! Back to croquet!”

A moment later, the crowd had abandoned Alice, leaving her behind as the game continued. Alice didn’t know what to do next. Follow them? Search elsewhere for home? Certainly home had to be somewhere.

“That was a terrific performance, Alice,” Cheshire said. He was clutching his cell phone. “I recorded the whole thing. I think I’m going to wank to it right now.”

“I saw the Hatter and the Hare,” said Alice.

“And Dor Maus, too. I know.” Cheshire pointed to his phone. “I got it all here. Was hiding in the bushes.”

“They couldn’t help me.”

“It looked like they helped you plenty,” Cheshire said, waggling his eyebrows.

“They couldn’t help me get home!” Alice said.

“You still want to go home? Don’t you like it here?”

“I do. But I have responsibilities. A job. A boyfriend.”

“The quick one? Why would you want to go back to him?”

“Because I love him,” Alice said.

“I see. Well, I suppose you could ask Mock Turtle. He’s self-important, and far too eager, but he might set you on the right path.”

“Where do I find him?”

“Just click your heels together three—”

“You already used that joke,” Alice said, sighing dramatically.

“Oh. Truthfully, I don’t know where that bore is. But the Duchess does.” Cheshire pointed to the Duchess, who was walking away with the crowd.

“Thank you, Cheshire.”

“You’re welcome. Would you mind if I took just a few seconds of video of you bending over?”

Alice was about to refuse, but then she thought, *why not?* She bent over for Cheshire, wiggling her bottom, not embarrassed in the least bit. She even spread her cheeks and sang what she knew of the theme to *Happy Days*.

Cheshire immediately dropped his cell phone and began to abuse himself with reckless abandon. Part of Alice feared he’d actually tug it completely off. But rather than worry about that, she nodded a quick goodbye and went to the Duchess, who was waiting for her turn at play, twirling a croquet mallet in her hands.

“Duchess, do you know where the Mock Turtle is?” Alice asked.

“Hello, Alice. Splendid show you put on. I’m having another lipstick party tomorrow, if you’d like to attend.”

“Thank you for the invitation, but I do need to see Mock Turtle. I was told he might help me return home.”

“A possibility. But he might not assist you. I’m afraid he only cares about himself.”

“Please,” Alice said. “I’ve been here a long time. I’m sure my boyfriend is getting concerned.”

“Very well. Follow me.”

Alice followed.

Chapter 6

The Mock Turtle's Story

“So what exactly is a Mock Turtle?” Alice asked the Duchess as they strolled through the woods. “Is it another dreadful pun?”

“Not that I’m aware of.”

“Is he going to recite silly, pointless poetry to me?”

“Probably.”

“Is there any way to skip it?”

“On an ereader? It isn’t easy. See the clearing in the trees there? It leads to a beach. That’s where Mock Turtle lives. Good luck to you, Alice.”

The Duchess gave her a warm hug, and then left. Alice continued on through the clearing and saw a man standing next to a large body of water. At first glance, she thought it was Lewis. He had the same build, same features. But the face was different. Where Lewis had a sweet smile and beautiful eyes, Mock Turtle looked as if he’d just sniffed something unpleasant. From forty feet away, Alice could see his scowl. It was so disconcerting that she considered turning around and going back.

“Who goes there?” he yelled, spotting her.

Alice almost ran. But she didn’t. The old, frightened, unsure Alice would have. But she was the new bold, fearless Alice, who got what she wanted.

“I’m Alice. Are you Mock Turtle?”

“Who wants to know?”

Another lunatic. “Me,” she said, rolling her eyes. “Alice.”

“Approach so I may look at you.”

Alice tromped across the beach, her sharp heels sinking into the sand, but she managed to reach the man without falling over.

“Those boots are hardly proper attire for the beach,” he said. “But they make your bottom and legs looked superb.”

“Are you Mock Turtle?”

“I am.”

“But you aren’t a turtle. You aren’t even a furry.”

“A what?”

“You aren’t wearing a turtle outfit.”

“What about my mock turtleneck sweater?” he asked.

“You aren’t wearing one.”

“But I have one, at my house. It’s blue.”

Alice folded her arms, becoming annoyed. “You’re called Mock Turtle because you sometimes wear a blue, mock turtleneck sweater?”

“No. Mock Turtle is my pen name. I’m a writer.”

Alice softened a bit. “Really? I love to read.”

“I’m a poet,” Mock Turtle said proudly.

“Oh.” Alice made a face. She should have known. “Poetry sucks.”

“Don’t disparage poetry. I shall make up a poem on the spot, about you, if you allow it.”

“How about I pay you twenty dollars not to?”

But it was too late. Mock Turtle began to recite.

Little Alice,

Stole a chalice,

Why’d she do it?

She won’t talice.

“Get it?” he asked. “Won’t *talice*? *Tell-us*?”

“It’s dreadful,” Alice said.

“Oh, I have worse than that,” said the Mock Turtle, and proceeded to prove it:

*There was a girl named Susie,
Who drowned in a Jacuzzi,
She boiled like a potato,
And really tasted greato.*

“If I had a gun, I’d eat it,” Alice said. “But I’d shoot you first.”

“Last one,” said Mock Turtle.

“Promise?”

“I promise.”

“Can I get that in writing?”

Mock Turtle launched into it:

*When I need reference media,
I go to Wikipedia,
A dictionary is too slow,
And Wiki is much speedia.*

“Ugh,” Alice said. “I think I actually threw up in my mouth a little.”

“A poet’s job is to provoke emotion,” Mock Turtle said proudly.

“You actually make money writing things like that?”

“Not yet. So far the snobbish literary journals have refused to publish any of my work. Do you know why?”

“They have standards?”

“Envy!” Mock Turtle declared. “They can’t stand that I have this talent, flowing through my veins, like some poet with poetry talent in his blood.”

Wow, this guy was clueless.

“I know a man named Nolan, who had a spastic colon—”

“You promised no more!” Alice said, shoving Mock Turtle to shut him

up. “I need to get home, and I was told that you could help me.”

“Help you get home?”

“That’s what I just said.”

Mock Turtle tapped a finger against his chin. “Well, I could help you, Alice. But I’d want something in return.”

Alice narrowed her eyes. “Is it to recite another poem? Because I’ll turn around right now.”

“No. But you are quite beautiful, and I also couldn’t help but notice, quite naked. If you allowed me to make love to you, I could show you how to get home.”

Alice didn’t find Mock Turtle attractive, he was much too sour, but she was a pro at pity sex, and if she had to appease him to get back home, it didn’t seem like such a bad proposition. Besides, he might actually surprise her and be amazing at making love, like the many people she’d encountered that day.

“Fine,” Alice said. “Where would you like to—”

In a flash, Mock Turtle’s pants were around his ankles, and he was frantically rubbing up against her, trying to kiss her neck.

“Uh! Uh! Uh!” he groaned.

“Hey!” Alice said. This scenario was disappointingly familiar. “Slow down and we can—”

But it was too late. Mock Turtle had spurted all over her thigh, without having even entered her.

“That was the most unsatisfying experience I’ve ever had,” Alice chided him. “And that’s saying something.”

“Sorry,” he said, sheepishly looking at the ground. “It’s just that you’re so beautiful, and—”

“SEIZE HIM!”

Alice spun around and saw the Queen tromping down the beach toward them, surrounded by several guards. They immediately rushed at Mock

Turtle, grabbing his arms.

“Your Majesty, what are you doing here?” Alice asked.

“The Duchess told me where you’d gone. This man has a seedy reputation, and as I’d suspected, my instincts proved correct.”

“What did I do?” Mock Turtle cried.

“Nothing!” the Queen retorted. “That’s the problem! Mock Turtle, I hereby accuse you of being a greedy, selfish lover, who cares not for his partner’s needs. If convicted of these charges, the penalty is...”

“Spanking?” Alice asked. She wouldn’t mind seeing the annoying little poet spanked.

“No,” the Queen declared. “Death!”

“Death?” Mock Turtle, true to his name, turned green.

“Death?” Alice repeated. “You certainly take your orgasms seriously here in Wonderland.”

“Yes, we do.”

“But he’s just a pathetic, selfish lout who doesn’t know any better,” Alice said. “Surely death is too strict a punishment.”

“The trial shall begin immediately,” said the Queen. “Off with his clothes.”

The guards stripped Mock Turtle of his wardrobe, ripping it so severely Alice couldn’t salvage any of it to wear herself. Though, quite honestly, she was beginning to really enjoy parading around naked.

“Alice, I subpoena you as the star witness.” The Queen pointed at her. “This man’s life hangs on your testimony.”

“Be merciful!” Mock Turtle begged.

Alice looked from the Queen, to Mock Turtle, and back again, wondering what she was going to do.

“To the courthouse!” the Queen commanded.

Not seeing any other choice, Alice followed the procession.

This was going to be interesting.

Chapter 7

Who Stole the Tart?

The trial took place in a courtroom which was like no courtroom Alice had ever seen. In fact, it looked like a New Orleans bordello, or at least what Alice imagined a New Orleans bordello would look like, as she'd never been in one. Draperies of red velvet covered windows and walls, held back with ornate chains of gold. Plush carpet stretched wall-to-wall. Members of the jury lounged on opulent chaise lounges and wavy sex chairs and contraptions involving wooden crosses and leather swings and hanging chains. It wasn't the least bit official-looking.

But Alice didn't mind.

Her three tea partiers were there on the chairs, acting as the jury, Alice supposed. And they seemed to be the only three members. The Hatter wore a cowboy hat this time and nothing else but a pair of western chaps that framed his burgeoning manhood. The Hare donned his usual bunny suit, though still only the top half. And Maus wore the most beautiful ring around his beautiful masculinity and nothing else.

The Duchess was there, and Pilar too, standing next to Mock Turtle. But before Alice could truly get her bearings, a curtain parted and Dick strode in and stopped front and center.

"Hear ye, hear ye, court is now in session," Dick said. Although he was wearing a police hat and a belt with a nightstick hanging from it, he wasn't

wearing anything else, and he was very aroused. Apparently people enjoyed court more in Wonderland than they did back home. “The honorable Queen presiding. All rise.”

The Queen made the obligatory grand entrance, splendidly wrapped in a thin layer of what looked like red rubber, or latex. It was skin tight, shiny, and there were holes for her nipples and her feminine parts. She wasn’t completely shaved like Alice, but her nether hair had been artfully shaped into a heart. Alice also noticed a glint of silver, and she realized with a pleasurable shock that the Queen had earrings *down there*. Each of her lips was adorned with a silver ring, as was her clitoris. Alice could barely imagine what it felt like to have a ring in that most sensitive spot and how it would feel if stroked. Or licked. Or during penetration. Would a man’s soft thrusting tug against it with each stroke? When he entered her completely, would he press against the ring?

The Queen had similar, larger rings in her nipples, and they were connected with a length of chain. Seeing Her Majesty’s secret jewelry made Alice feel funny, and she had to press her hand to her loins to calm the sudden throb.

“I said, *all rise*,” Dick announced, scowling at Mock Turtle.

Turtle was completely naked, his ankles and wrists in cuffs. “But I *am* standing,” he whimpered.

The Queen rolled her eyes. “Alice? Can you make the defendant rise?”

“How so?” Alice didn’t understand.

The Queen pointed at Turtle’s manhood, which hung limp and flaccid.

“Ah,” Alice said. She approached Turtle, and reached down to stroke him. Almost immediately, he sprang to full attention and began to moan and buck.

“Bailiff!” the Queen thundered. “Secure the defendant!”

The Queen quickly pulled a red ribbon from her hair and passed it to Dick, who stormed between Alice and Turtle and quickly tied it in a large

bow around the base of Turtle's member.

"Make sure it is tight," the Queen said. "I won't have him leaking all over my courtroom."

"It is tight, Your Honor."

"Alice! Take Turtle in your mouth and make sure he cannot climax."

Alice obediently dropped to her knees. She eyed Turtle's protrusion dubiously. Though she'd never seen Lewis's this closely, or for this long, it seemed awfully similar to her boyfriend's. Not entirely trusting the bow, Alice slowly brought Turtle to her lips and sucked hard, cupping his balls in her hand and gently tugging them, expecting the hot spurt any second.

Turtle moaned and shook and thrashed his head back and forth in apparent ecstasy.

But he didn't come.

"The defendant is secure," Dick said.

"Alice, you may release him. But first, give his nipples a twist."

Alice wasn't sure why the Queen wanted her to do that, but with Turtle still between her lips, she raised her hands and tweaked his nipples. His whole body seemed to tremble, and he cried out as if lovesick.

This was easily the most fun trial Alice had ever been to.

She released him and took her place on a chair next to the Queen's bench. The court reporter, Cheshire, sat nearby, with one of those tiny typewriters on the desktop in front of him. His hands weren't poised on the keys, however, but busy in his lap.

"Very good," said the Queen. "Now the prosecution can begin. Your opening statement?"

"Yes, your honor." The Duchess stepped forward. A leather corset wrapped her waist, from the bottom of her naked breasts to the garters framing her woman's mound. Stockings like Alice's covered her legs and on her feet were a pair of leopard high heels. "Mock turtle is charged with being a greedy, selfish lover, who cares not for his partner's needs."

“Call your first witness,” the Queen said to the Duchess.

“I call Alice.”

Alice walked to where Dick was standing.

“I need to swear you in,” said Dick. “Put your hand on my cock, please.”

This seemed strange to Alice, but since everything was strange in Wonderland, she was getting used to going with the flow. She placed her palm on Dick’s protruding member.

His eyes rolled back a little in his head, and his hips began to thrust, rubbing his velvet head against her hand.

After a dozen strokes, Alice spoke up. “What about the swearing?”

Dick blinked. “I would never swear at you, Alice. You’re so beautiful and sweet.”

“I didn’t mean the cursing kind of swearing.”

“Okay. Now could you wrap your fingers around me a bit tighter? Maybe lick your hand first and get it nice and wet?”

Now Alice was confused. “But you’re the bailiff. Don’t you have to make me promise to tell the truth?”

“Oh, of course. But I would never swear you in on my cock. I use a bible for that.”

Alice thought that maybe she should feel put out, but she liked the feel of Dick’s cock, so she gave him a few more strokes before insisting he pull out a bible and properly swear her in. And through all of this, the queen and the lawyers and the jury and especially the court reporter watched. Although as far as Alice knew, Cheshire didn’t record a single word, since every time she looked his way, he was diligently abusing himself.

“Sit in the witness chair,” the Queen ordered and pointed to a black leather swing that hung from the ceiling on four chains.

But when Alice approached the contraption, she had no idea how to get on it. “I’m sorry, Your Majesty—”

“Your Honor,” corrected the Queen.

“Your Honor,” said Alice. “But I’m afraid I don’t understand how this works.”

“You’ve never been in a sex swing before?”

“No.”

“Baillif! Assist Alice!”

With a boost from Dick that somehow involved him touching her bottom, fondling both breasts, and administering a tender pinch to her feminine lips, Alice found herself suspended in midair. The swath of black leather supported her back and butt, and her feet were in stirrups. The only way to sit comfortably was for Alice to bend her knees and spread her legs wide, for the whole courtroom to see. Alice immediately understood why this was called a sex swing. Any man—or woman—had full access to all of Alice’s private parts, and she could be easily moved, turned, and manipulated as if she weighed nothing at all.

It turned her on something fierce.

“What do you have to say, Alice?” asked the Duchess.

There was only one thing that popped into her mind. “Those stockings and heels make your bottom and legs look spectacular.”

Alice glanced around the room, and everyone from the Queen to Pilar to the jury nodded in agreement.

“Why, thank you, dear,” said the Duchess. “I appreciate the compliment. But I’m sorry, I now have to ask you some tough questions.”

Alice braced herself as much as she could in a swing.

“You were at the beach with Mock Turtle, and he made love to you. Is that correct?”

The Duchess wasn’t kidding. That was a tough question. And Alice wasn’t sure how to answer. “Well... he...”

“Did he make love to you or not?”

“Well, he sort of tried... I guess.”

“I need a more specific answer.”

Mock Turtle gave her a pleading look. The experience with him had been outrageously unsatisfying, but Alice didn't want the poor man to be sentenced to death for it.

"The witness will answer the question," ordered the Queen.

"I'm sorry, but that's the only answer I can give."

"Then let me be more specific," said the Duchess. "May I approach the witness?"

"By all means," said the Queen.

The Duchess looked sympathetic. "Now some of these questions might be tough, Alice, but just do your best to answer. Okay?"

Alice nodded, not sure what would come next.

"When Mock Turtle made love to you, at any time, did he lick your pussy?"

Alice shuddered at the vulgar word. "Um, no."

"No, *what?*"

"He didn't, um, do any licking," she said.

"He didn't lick *what?*" repeated the Duchess.

Now Alice had been in Wonderland long enough to know that the Duchess wanted her to say that word. But even though Alice formed her lips and moved her tongue to pronounce it, she couldn't get any sound to emerge.

"May I assist the witness, your honor?" The Duchess asked the Queen.

"Please do," said the Queen, fondling her gavel.

Alice was hoping the Duchess would assist by saying the word for her, but instead she brought her face between Alice's thighs.

"Did he do this to your pussy?" And she darted her tongue between Alice's sensitive nether lips and swirled around Alice's nub in the most electrifying way. It was almost too intense. But the swing prevented Alice from closing her legs, even as the Duchess continued to torment her in short, piercing stabs.

“Oh... oh... unh...”

“Is that a yes or a no?” the Queen asked.

“No,” Alice managed after the Duchess pulled away. “He certainly didn’t do that.”

“How about this?” The Duchess dipped back into Alice’s special entrance and ground her mouth against Alice, devouring the whole of her with slow, fat licks of her tongue. She went up, and down, as if Alice was a wall she was painting, and when Alice tried to buck to make her speed up, the Duchess slowed even more.

Alice couldn’t think, let alone answer. She thrust her hips against the Duchess’s mouth, and the word she was trying to say came out as an unintelligible gasp.

“Answer the question,” the Queen ordered.

“He... he... he didn’t... do... that.”

“How about this?” And the Duchess rose up between Alice’s legs, then claimed Alice’s nipples in her mouth, one at a time, kissing, licking, sucking, then slowly moved up to Alice’s lips, where she kissed her and plunged her tongue deep.

The kiss sent heat spiraling through Alice, and she could taste her own juices on the Duchess’s tongue, and for some reason that thrilled her even more. The Duchess’s nipples brushed her own, and Alice raised up her hips and the friction of the Duchess’s fishnet stockings sent her over the edge, making her climax quite audibly.

When Alice finally stopped screaming, the Duchess turned to the Queen. “She’s taking an awfully long time to answer simple yes and no questions, Your Honor. May I treat the witness as hostile?”

The Queen’s heart-shaped lips curved in a heart-shaped smile. “Please, do.”

“Dick?” said the Duchess, extending her hand.

With a dazed look on his face, Dick handed her his baton. And Alice

couldn't help noticing the device looked an awful lot like Pilar's dildo. It even had the little bumps and ridges on it.

And that was exactly how the Duchess used it, starting by teasing Alice's nipples, and then slowly bringing it down between her open legs. The Duchess rubbed it across Alice, over and over, until it was slick with wetness.

"Did Mock Turtle do this to you?" She penetrated Alice, filling her.

Alice groaned, her eyes closing in rapture.

"What was that?" the Queen asked. "Read that back to me."

Cheshire imitated Alice's gasp without missing a stroke.

The Queen frowned. "Is that a yes or a no?"

"Noooo," croaked Alice, barely able to breathe.

"Did he try this?" Pumping it in and out, slowly and deliciously, The Duchess coated the stick with Alice's juices as Alice tried in vain to stop her hips from bucking.

"Oh... oh... oh... oh... no..."

"How about this?"

And with the baton still deeply inside Alice, The Duchess gave the swing a spin. Alice began to twirl while impaled upon the stick, screaming all the while. The feeling was so amazing, so intense, that coupled with the dizziness of the rotation, Alice came very close to blacking out. When the swing finally came to a stop, Alice saw that the Hatter and the Hare, the Maus and Cheshire, Pilar and the Queen and Dick were all stroking themselves and staring at her. And all Alice could think of was how good she felt and how much she wanted it to go on forever.

Then the Duchess pulled the baton out of Alice, and Alice almost cried. "Please... don't stop..."

"I'm finished with this witness," said the Duchess, and she walked briskly to the back of the room.

The Queen turned to Pilar. "Your witness, Mr. Caterpillar."

“My witness?” Pilar stood and smiled. “I’ll take her back to my Pink Room of Bunnies and pry the truth out of her. I don’t care how long it takes. Hours. Days. I’ll make her come so many times she’ll beg for me to stop. But I won’t stop. Not until I break her.”

“Oh, please do,” Alice said, whimpering.

“I’m afraid you can’t,” answered the Queen. “This story is already longer than the original it is parodying, and you need to get on with it. What say you?”

“I say, put Mock Turtle in the pillory and flog him for his heinous crimes.”

“You’re his defense attorney,” the Queen reminded Pilar. “How do you defend your client?”

Pilar glanced at the Mock Turtle, naked and pouting, his tortured member twitching with no immediate hope of release. “Oh, there’s no defense for not seeing to your partner’s needs.”

“Can I get a new lawyer?” Mock Turtle asked.

“Bailiff! Gag the defendant!”

Dick swaggered over to Turtle, and forced a red rubber ball into his mouth. It had a leather strap attached to it, and Dick wound that around Turtle’s head and buckled it in place. Almost immediately, a line of drool fell from Turtle’s chin.

Alice had never seen such a terrible device. It made Turtle look so pathetic. So helpless.

It was such a turn on, Alice dropped her hand to her womanhood and began to rub.

“Can I be gagged too?” she asked.

“Perhaps later,” promised the Queen. “Call your next witness, Duchess.”

“I think it’s time to put Mock Turtle on the stand.”

The Queen shook her head. “You can’t call the defendant as a witness. Only the defense attorney can do that.”

“Then that’s what I’ll do,” said Pilar.

And Dick didn’t ask Mock Turtle to place his hand on his cock, but he swore him in anyway. Turtle mumbled his response around the gag.

“Can you read that back?” the Queen asked.

“Mmphhh-mmmmbbaa,” repeated Cheshire.

“Your witness,” said the Queen to Pilar. “Ask your questions.”

“Oh, he doesn’t have to answer to me,” said Pilar.

“Prosecution?”

The Duchess shook her head, now busy using the baton on herself. “He doesn’t have to answer to me, either.”

The Queen focused on Alice. “They’re right, you know. There’s only one person he must answer to, and that’s you.”

“But I don’t—”

“Then I will sentence him immediately, and judging from the evidence I’ve seen, the sentence is death.”

“But isn’t that for the jury to decide?”

The Queen peered at the jury box. Hatter was busy riding Hare, and Hare had his mouth full of Maus.

“The jury seems preoccupied,” the Queen said. “Mock Turtle, for the crime of ignoring your partner’s needs, I sentence you to—”

“Wait!” Alice shouted. She couldn’t let Mock Turtle die, not when she might be able to save him. She didn’t have a clue how she would do that, but if there was anything Alice had learned in her time in Wonderland, it was that being timid never got her anywhere. It was time to be bold. “I have some questions for Mock Turtle, and before he is sentenced, he needs to answer to me.”

“Very well, Alice. Ask away.” And Alice thought she could detect a note of pride in the Queen’s voice.

Alice tried to remember all the courtroom shows she’d seen on TV, but she doubted much of what she’d seen would apply here. Best as she could

recall, Matlock didn't have a sex swing. And on *Law and Order*, the judge never wore latex. Alice hadn't seen *Boston Legal*, but she'd heard good things.

Alice looked around the room, hoping for a bout of inspiration, and she noticed an odd chair with a tall back, short legs, and a round seat with a hole in the center. It almost looked like a toilet, but there didn't appear to be any plumbing, and it had another odd hole in the front at the base, and leather straps on the sides with buckles on them.

The ideas popping into Alice's mind were embarrassing, or at least they should have been. But instead of embarrassment, Alice felt a renewed tingle between her legs.

"What kind of chair is that?" she asked.

"It's called a queening chair," answered the Queen.

"Why is it called a queening chair?" Alice figured if anyone would know such things, it would be the Queen herself.

"Because it will make you feel like a queen," came the answer. "The accused lies on his back, beneath the chair, with his head and hands secured in place. The seat has a hole in it, directly above the prone man's face. When a woman sits upon it, the man has complete access to her. She could sit comfortably there for hours."

Alice swallowed the large lump in her throat, and waited until the shiver had passed. "If it would please the court, I would like the defendant to be locked into place under the chair."

The Queen smiled. "Oh, it would please the court, all right. Very much."

Dick escorted Mock Turtle to the chair and directed him to lie on his back, his face staring up through the space where the chair's seat should be. His ball gag was removed, and his neck locked in place. His wrists were cuffed on either side of the chair.

"You'll require this," the Queen said to Alice, handing her a stiff, black riding crop with a fat swatch of leather on the end. "If he doesn't follow

your orders, give him a little swat.”

Alice approached the queening chair, her legs shaking. She stared down at Turtle, his poor ribboned member stiff and turning an angry purple color, his eyes pleading up at her through the oval hole in the chair’s seat.

“I’m sorry,” he told Alice. “Forgive me.”

And she almost did, right there, and was just turning to ask the Queen for mercy when Turtle continued with, “I’ve even written a poem to express my remorse.”

The frown creased Alice’s face immediately, and before he could begin to recite she moved to the chair and settled her bottom. It was a curious sensation, because the opening in the seat relaxed Alice’s pelvic muscles, so everything down there hung low, like a ripe fruit ready to fall from the vine. Alice could feel Mock Turtle’s hot breath directly upon her. She stared down, seeing his chin between her legs, and adjusted her position—

Right onto his mouth.

Alice wanted to rub herself all over him, grind upon him, force him to deliver the pleasure he’d denied her earlier with his selfishness and his haste. But she controlled herself.

Control, Alice thought. Is that what this has been about all along? Controlling our own lives, and the pleasure we both give and receive.

“Lick me,” she ordered Mock Turtle.

He began in such earnestness it was as if he’d been waiting his whole life for someone to give him that command. His movements were so frantic, Alice felt as if he had two tongues. First he began beneath her, toward her bottom, and then penetrated her stiffly, making Alice clench the queening chair’s arms and dig in her nails. Turtle’s tongue drew upward, but to the side, missing her most sensitive spot. Then to the left, slow and soft. Then the right again, stopping to once again pierce her opening.

“Higher!” Alice yelled. And she used the riding crop to give him a flick on his stiff manhood.

He yelped, and then began to lap at her most sensitive spot, using his mouth and lips and taking her into his mouth and sucking gently.

“Order him to clean you all over,” the Queen said.

“Lower,” Alice said, once again using the crop, this time on his inner thigh.

Alice moved forward in the chair, capturing his flicking tongue with her backside, as Hare had done at the tea party. But rather than just one lick, Turtle seemed intent to devour Alice. If she’d ever thought that part of her was dirty, it wasn’t after Mock Turtle finished his warm, wet assault.

She smacked him again with the riding crop, not because he was doing anything wrong, but because Alice simply liked doing it. Once again she changed positions, giving him full access to her clitoris, ordering him to suck her as he had before.

And then Alice felt the wave begin to crest in her again, and she pressed herself down onto Turtle’s willing mouth, eyeing his stiff member, wanting it to fill the ache inside.

“You may get off the queening chair and use him as you wish,” the Queen said, reading her mind.

Alice stood up, immediately dropping to her knees, and spreading herself wide, she slid down Mock Turtle’s stiff manhood. She cried out, and the jury and the rest of the courtroom began to applaud. It was then that Alice not only forgave Mock Turtle, but also forgave Lewis for his inexperience and naivete.

“I have reached a verdict,” the Queen declared. “Mock Turtle, you have been sentenced to...”

The entire court held its collective breath.

“To be trained by Alice!” the Queen ordered. “You shall remain her sex slave until you learn how to satisfy her completely. Case dismissed!

Alice smiled happily at the Queen’s verdict as she furiously rode the Mock Turtle’s member, with its ribbon tied around the base so he would

stay stiff as long as she desired. He moaned in appreciation.

“Thank you for saving my life, Alice,” he said between grunts. “All I needed was someone to teach me what to do.”

And when she looked down at his face through the hole in the queening chair, he was no longer Mock Turtle.

He was her boyfriend, Lewis.

Chapter 8

Alice's Evidence

Alice opened her eyes, the white rabbit vibrator bringing her close to yet another glorious orgasm.

She'd lost count of how man she'd had, how many fantasies she'd dreamed up, but after endless, constant ecstasy for over an hour, Alice wanted more.

She wanted the real thing.

Turning on the picnic blanket, she stared at Lewis, still snoring, completely oblivious to the bliss she'd been experiencing, the change she'd gone through.

"Wake up," Alice said, giving him a shake on the shoulder.

Lewis's eyelids fluttered open. "Oh, hey, Alice. Sorry, I must have dozed off." His gaze dropped, focusing on the white rabbit still buzzing and undulating inside her. "Hey! You're using it. That's great, I—"

Alice switched off the rabbit and tossed it aside, no longer needing it.

"Take. Off. Your. Pants," Alice ordered. "Now."

Lewis didn't waste any time, and in a flash his pants were off and he was reaching for her.

"No," she said, pushing him back. "You aren't allowed to touch me unless I give you permission."

"I don't understand."

“Think of it as a game,” Alice said. “If I do anything that makes you uncomfortable, or that you don’t like, you can say a safeword and I’ll stop. Your safeword is...” Alice searched the fantasies she’d been so recently occupied with, and came upon the perfect one. “Wonderland.”

“Wonderland,” he repeated. “Got it. So what are you going to—”

Alice silenced him with a kiss, her tongue penetrating his mouth as her hand sought his manhood, stroking and pulling on it until it was quite still. She’d never touched Lewis there before, and was delighted to discover how long and thick he was, with the same delightful curve as the March Hare in her fantasies. Lewis moaned, immediately beginning to buck his hips.

“Hold still, she demanded.

Incredibly, Lewis listened. Alice reached up, pulling the blue ribbon out of her hair, and then deftly tying it around the base of Lewis’s member.

“What are you doing, Alice?”

She hesitated only the slightest of moments, then said with authority, “Your cock belongs to me. You shall only come when I allow it. First, you shall satisfy my needs.”

Lewis’s eyes became wide as the plates on which they’d eaten their picnic lunch. Alice placed her hands on her boyfriend’s shoulders, then swung a leg over, straddling him.

“Reach up and play with my tits.”

Lewis did so eagerly. He squeezed her breasts, then his fingers found her nipples, rubbing and pulling and causing delightful sensations up and down Alice’s spine. She moaned, rubbing herself on Lewis’s chest, electric ripples of pleasure making her tremble. Then she moved higher on him, her knees on either side of his ears, until he stared directly up into her.

“You are going to lick my *pussy*, Lewis,” Alice said, and the vulgarity of the word was so exciting she was already on the verge of orgasm.

“Yes,” Lewis said, his tongue stretching out and reaching for her.

Alice had never noticed before, but Lewis had the longest tongue she’d

ever seen. She lowered herself onto it, slowly, pausing when only the very tip touched her, waiting there as he traced the outline of her feminine parts, over and over. She pressed closer, and Lewis entered her with his glorious tongue, moving it in and out until Alice had no choice but to cry out. She wanted nothing more than to squat fully down, as on the queening stool in her fantasies, but instead she pulled back again, teasing both Lewis and herself, drawing it out and heightening her anticipation and pleasure.

Alice did this several times, until she felt ready to burst, and then she grabbed Lewis by his hair and ground his mouth into her, smearing her juices all over his face as he worked his magical tongue. The feeling was so overwhelming that Alice's whole body spasmed uncontrollably, and her climax was so loud she scared a group of jays out of a nearby tree.

She considered going for seconds, pressing against him greedily, wishing she were completely bare down there and deciding Lewis would shave her when they got home. Then Alice slid down his body, his manhood bumping her between the legs as she slid over it, then standing straight at attention as she wrapped her hand around the base.

She licked Lewis, up and down his length as if enjoying a popsicle on a hot summer day. Lewis began to buck and moan, and she ordered him to stay still.

"I can't," he groaned. "It's too intense."

"Then use the safeword," she said, teasing him by running her tongue under his purple head.

Lewis shook his other head, his hands clutching the picnic blanket.

Alice took Lewis in her mouth, slowly, inch by delicious inch, and the very idea of what she was doing, coupled with Lewis's trembling, was such a turn on she was on the verge of another orgasm. Alice began to suck him, bobbing her head up and down, stroking his shaft with increasing speed as Lewis began to cry out, begging for the ribbon to be untied.

"Not yet," Alice said, pulling off of his manhood and then moving up his

body again. She knelt on either side of his waist, lowering herself to him, once again stopping to tease herself. Alice clutched Lewis, hard, and then rubbed him all over her womanhood, using him as she'd used the rabbit vibrator, brushing his velvet head against her lips, her clitoris, then placing just the first inch inside her and moving in small circles.

"Please!" Lewis begging. "I can't take much more!"

"You'll take whatever I dish out," Alice said. "You are my slave, Lewis. My sex toy. I can do with you as I wish. Say it."

"I'm... I'm your slave."

His words were just as intense as his tongue upon her.

"Louder!"

"I'm your slave, Alice! I'm your sex toy!"

Alice dropped suddenly, impaling herself upon Lewis, the sudden fullness taking her breath away.

"My tits," she managed to gasp.

Lewis obediently reached for them, working her nipples as she rode his length, faster and faster, until she couldn't prevent the climax from overtaking her. Seeking the ribbon, she released the bow knot from Lewis's manhood and ordered him, "Come! Come for me!"

He did. So did she.

And for the very first time—for real and not as a vibrator-fueled fantasy—Alice felt like a complete woman.

She collapsed into Lewis's arms, happy, exhausted, and completely satisfied. For the moment, at least.

"Wow," Lewis said. "That was amazing. I didn't know it could be like that. You're... you're incredible, Alice."

She snuggled against him. "You did pretty well yourself."

"I did?"

"Well, you'll need a bit more training. But I think you're going to work out just fine."

His eyes got wide. “You mean, it could always be just like this?”

“No.”

Lewis’s happy expression faded, and he looked like his puppy had just died. “No?”

“Not just like this. I have a lot of other things for us to try,” Alice said.

“Really?” he asked, perking up again.

Alice thought about the many things she’d done in her fantasies. All the scenarios. All the toys. All the role-playing she and Lewis could do together.

“I have a great many ideas, in fact, and I think they will keep us busy for a long, long time.”

Lewis reached out and embraced her. “I love you, Alice. I love you so much. When can we start?”

Alice smiled wickedly, placing her hand on Lewis’s head, pushing him down to her nether regions.

“There’s no time like the present,” she said, wrapping him with her thighs.

The End

*Alice will return in
50 Shades Through the Looking Glass...*

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